*Beginning* **No More Orchids** – *A Novel of a Great Love*
*By* **Grace Perkins**

WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 18, 1932

# Liberty

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*America's Best Read Weekly*

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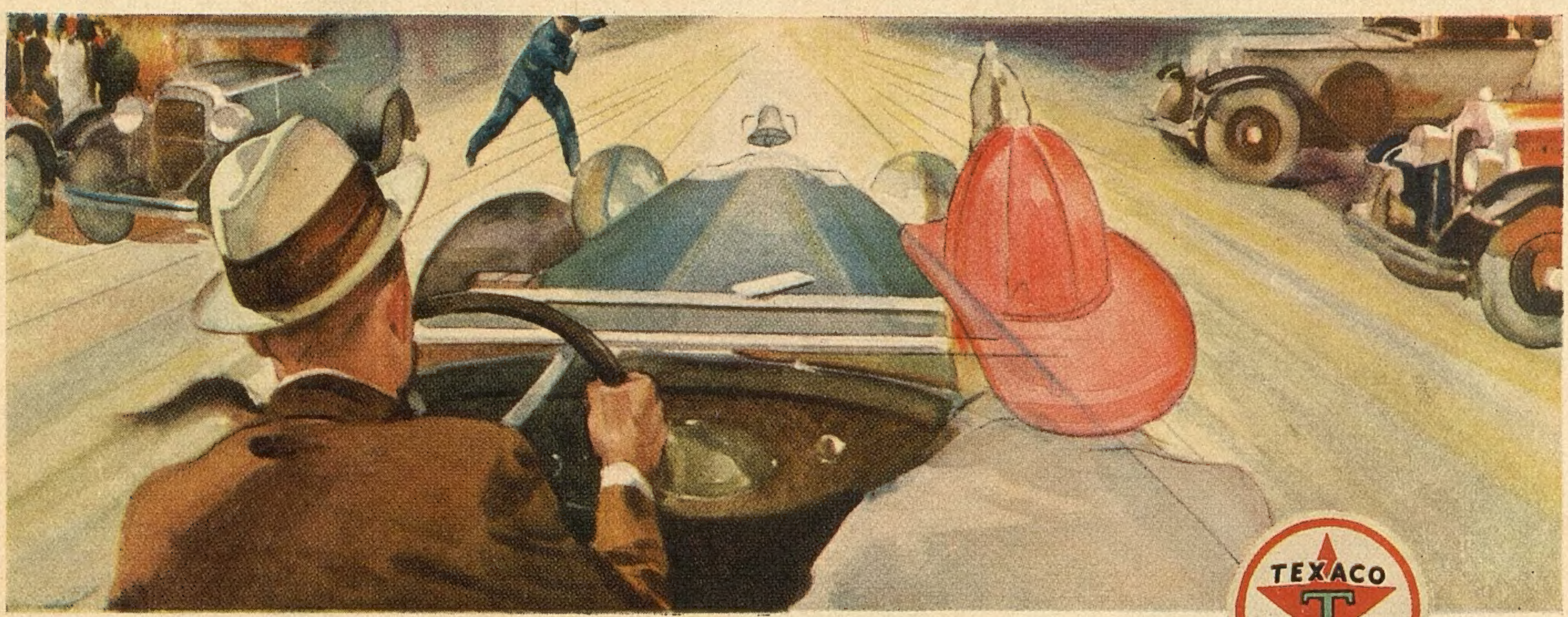

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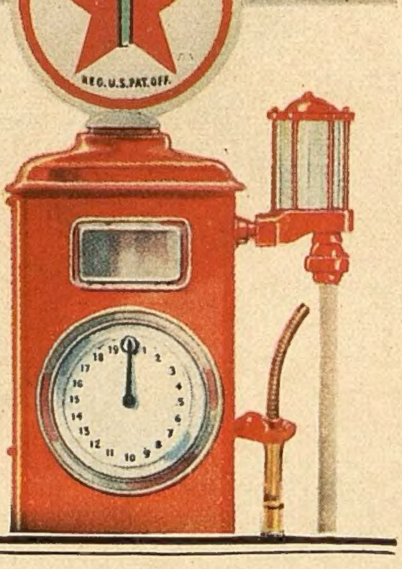

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☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JUNE 18, 1932

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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## THE MONEY GOD—WE WORSHIP AT ITS SHRINE

Be not deceived—the popular religion of today is founded on the love of money.

Money has always been a moving force of commanding proportions, but today it is our god. We have placed it on a pedestal and we bow down and worship it with due deference.

What is all this depression about?

Are we—all of us—minus the comforts of life? Do we go about in tattered garments—all of us? Are we starving as a nation?

No! But most of us are down in the dumps; we are blue and dejected. The one subject is the depression. We are not making as much money as we did during the boom period; the values of our holdings have depreciated. Many of us who were in the wealthy class now have trouble in meeting our bills.

But outside of a few exceptions here and there—the victims of unemployment—we are all supplied with sufficient food to properly nourish the body. We may be minus some of the luxuries, but the ordinary comforts of life are enjoyed by practically everybody.

But the money god is frowning at us. It has failed to pour forth the golden harvest so liberally supplied in the heyday of business prosperity.

There is something else in life besides money. Some of the most important factors in life cannot be bought with money.

You cannot buy happiness.

Love cannot be purchased over the counter.

That calm content and peace of mind that makes life at times so serene and beautiful comes from the soul within; it cannot be purchased.

It is about time that we, as a nation, were beginning to recognize the fundamental principles upon which the building of a successful career should be founded. Most people seem to think that money is everything; that it is the axis upon which the earth turns; that it is the one factor which makes life worth while.

To be sure, we must freely admit that the money which is essential to supply the simple comforts of life is necessary to happiness, but beyond this fundamental requirement money frequently becomes a source of discontent and unhappiness. It brings wearing responsibilities. It often makes one greedy and selfish; a hoarder is often referred to as a "hard-hearted skinflint." Everybody hates a miser—a man who loves money for money's sake.

This is a good time for us to take stock of our holdings—not financially, but personally.

How much have we got in character? What is the state of our mental balance? What are we getting out of life that money cannot buy?

The poorest man is often the richest in happiness. We can talk as much as we please; but the calm, peaceful content, the serene happiness, the buoyant spirit that stirs the soul when one is living in the emotional heights—that is what makes life worth while, fills every day with joyousness, turns work into play.

But such people are not weighted with financial responsibilities. They are living simply. They are enjoying the good things of life that come from adherence to natural laws—another name for God's laws.

Let us all at this time try to live above and beyond the money-getting mania. If you have set up standards of luxurious living far above your income, learn some of the rules of simple living. Get away from the complexities with which many people have surrounded their lives, and be simple and natural for a change.

Live on vital foods that will supply your dietetic needs for a few cents a day, and enjoy the improved health, added strength that usually follows such a procedure.

Search not for money, and more money, but for the serenity of a contented mind. Turn your back on the depression, shun the moaning croakers, and happiness that satisfies the longing of the hungriest soul should come to you more abundantly.

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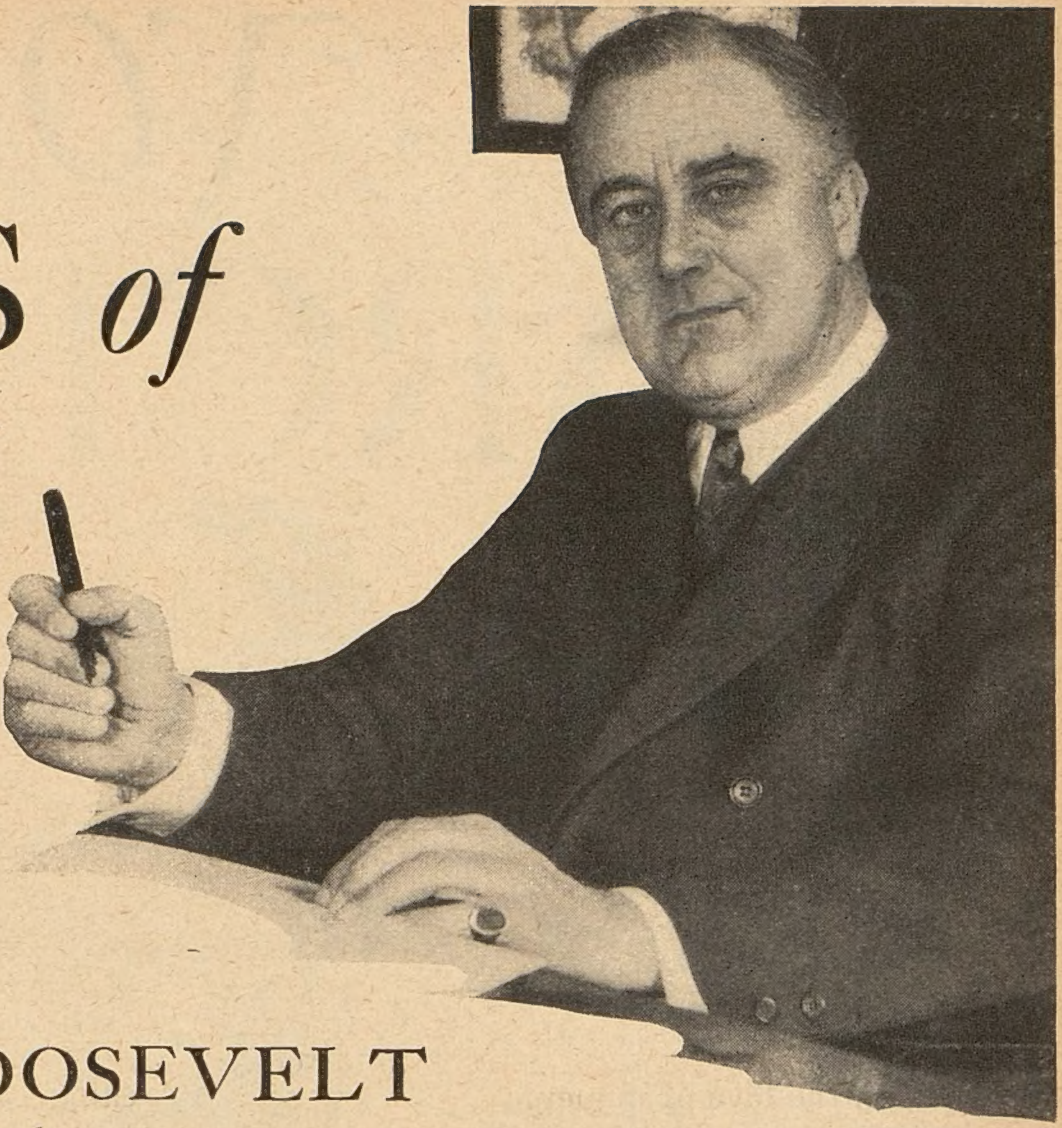
# OUR SLAVES of USURY

## *A Striking Statement of One of the Most Serious Problems that Confront Our Government Today*



Albany Photo Supply Co. photo

By

### FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

*(Reading time: 3 minutes 35 seconds.)*

FORCING an illegal contract upon a man makes him a slave. Thus it is that slavery has been revived in the United States. Within recent years the number of Americans turned slaves has shockingly increased. I refer to those citizens who have had to submit to usury at the hands of some of our lenders, both large and small.

Usury is the lending of money at more than the legal rate of interest. More than six and seven per cent is illegal in every state in the Union. But thousands of years of law—for the laws of Moses counted usury as a sin of man against man—does not prevent usury from being widely practiced in the United States today. It is a national problem very urgently needing solution.

When a " free citizen," with good security, cannot borrow money for legitimate purposes on fair terms, there is something wrong. Society as well as government is to blame. Take, for example, the " best risk "—a man who needs to borrow half the cash needed to buy a farm, a home, or to build. In many places in this country today, if that man can borrow at all, he has to pay in effect twice the legal rate of interest for his mortgage.

Usury has been forced upon him in one of several ways. A loan was arranged on paper at the legal rate of interest; a " commission " was charged, of two or four or six per cent in addition. Or he signed a note for the full amount of his loan, but actually received less, thereby paying more than the legal rate of interest. These evasions of the law are inhumanly wicked.

The guilt of the lender and the holder of such a mortgage is evident. The government is also jointly responsible if it does not use the means that is available to end this sort of slavery.

At the present moment the national administration is stunned by some distressing facts: Great numbers of our citizens cannot even pay the legal rate of interest on their farm and home mortgages. They cannot meet their obligations to decrease the principal of their loans. Foreclosures and threats of dispossessing whole regiments from their homes give usurers an amazing boldness and strength.

If the national administration thinks that the usury slavery of great masses of Americans is at all worth its consideration, it is further embarrassed by such questions as: How can the banks and mortgage holders afford to reduce the present rates of interest to prevent foreclosures? How can they hold promises of amortization in abeyance for a year or two?

But the moment the national administration thinks straight from the point of view of the individual citizen it can act at once. It need but apply the same principle it has thought out clearly in the recent assistance given the bigger banks and the larger industries. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is loaning a greater portion of its two billions of dollars to these great interests—on collateral which is supposed to have a sound value but which is frozen. It is saving some industries and railways from receiverships and stockholders from losing their properties. It is also true that a smaller portion of this fund is going to small banks and lenders. A still smaller portion will eventually save some individual borrowers from foreclosure.

No one wants to stop the work of this fund—yet, in spite of extravagant claims, it is still helping the corporations in the main. But why not approach the problem from both ends at the same time?

Credit goes from bottom to top as well as from top to bottom. If a small portion of this fund will eventually trickle down to save the individual borrower, why should not another fund dedicated to the individual borrower rise upward at the same time?

Such action is urgent. It is demanded by the purposes for which this government was created. It is practical. The collateral is sound. The legal interest will eventually be paid. Only the usurers lose—which is hardly justice, for unfortunately they receive no immediate punishment.

Rightly, these victims of usury hold as much bitterness in their hearts as those slaves who were lashed with whips to force them to build pyramids to greed. This army of usury slaves in a democratic country is not only abhorrent but it is dangerous. They must be freed.

Franklin D Roosevelt

---

*Another of this series of articles on matters of state by*

# *Beginning* ~ NO MORE ORCHIDS

*(Reading time: 30 minutes 20 seconds.)*

## PART ONE—PLAYING WITH FIRE

Oh what shall I be at fifty
  If Nature should keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
  When I am but twenty-five?

SOMETIMES it's hard to trace back to just where the change came—and how.

I suppose it began when I left Europe, with the harmless intention of coming home to spend Thanksgiving with my family. My heart tells me that it started when I first met Anthony Gage. Both things happened on the same day, so there's no use splitting hairs.

It was November 12, 1929. Raining as if the whole world wanted to wash a bad taste out of its mouth. I tore down from Paris to Cherbourg in a hydroplane, stale from an all-night party, uncomfortable and cold in evening clothes, so sleepy that the pilot could barely rouse me to hurry on to the ship that had waited for me a full hour beyond its sailing schedule.

The seaplane taxied noisily as close to the ship as it could get. Two French sailors in a rowboat took me through the beating, angry rain as far as the rope ladder that was lowered for me. I heard shrieks and calls—friends of mine lined up against the rail. They thought I was putting on a special show every time I tried to stand up in the seesawing boat and the wind knocked me back. I started up the rope ladder, teeth gritted to fight the sharp slipperiness that defied my cold hands, the way my white caracul coat caught and the way my white chiffon evening gown blew into knots around my knees.

Almost the moment I stepped on deck, the huge deep-lunged whistles of the boat blasted lengthy and impatient announcements that we were leaving.

Cramps, my maid, elbowed valiantly through the group, beaver coat in one hand, towels, passports, and papers in the other, her face blue with worry and disapproval. . . . Somebody handed me a flask and I swallowed a grateful swig. I was frozen. . . . I recognized Rita Dodge and her limping husband; and Serge Ruminosky, the violinist. I had known they would be on board. But there were other familiar faces that were a complete surprise—Dick Buddington, André Grossart, Lydia Pym . . . a good half

Then, suddenly, I caught sight of the face of a man standing off from the group, against the rail. He was looking straight at me; his eyes caught mine when I turned and noticed him. Scornful eyes. An amused and contemptuous smile. And in that age-long second that I stared at him he stared directly back, calm, unimpressed, never flickering an eyelash.

It sort of snapped me to. The next moment I had pushed Cramps into the lead, and was following, head high, toward my cabin, wondering if the man slouched against the rail, cap pulled well down over his eyes, fur collar turned up around his neck, was still watching me.

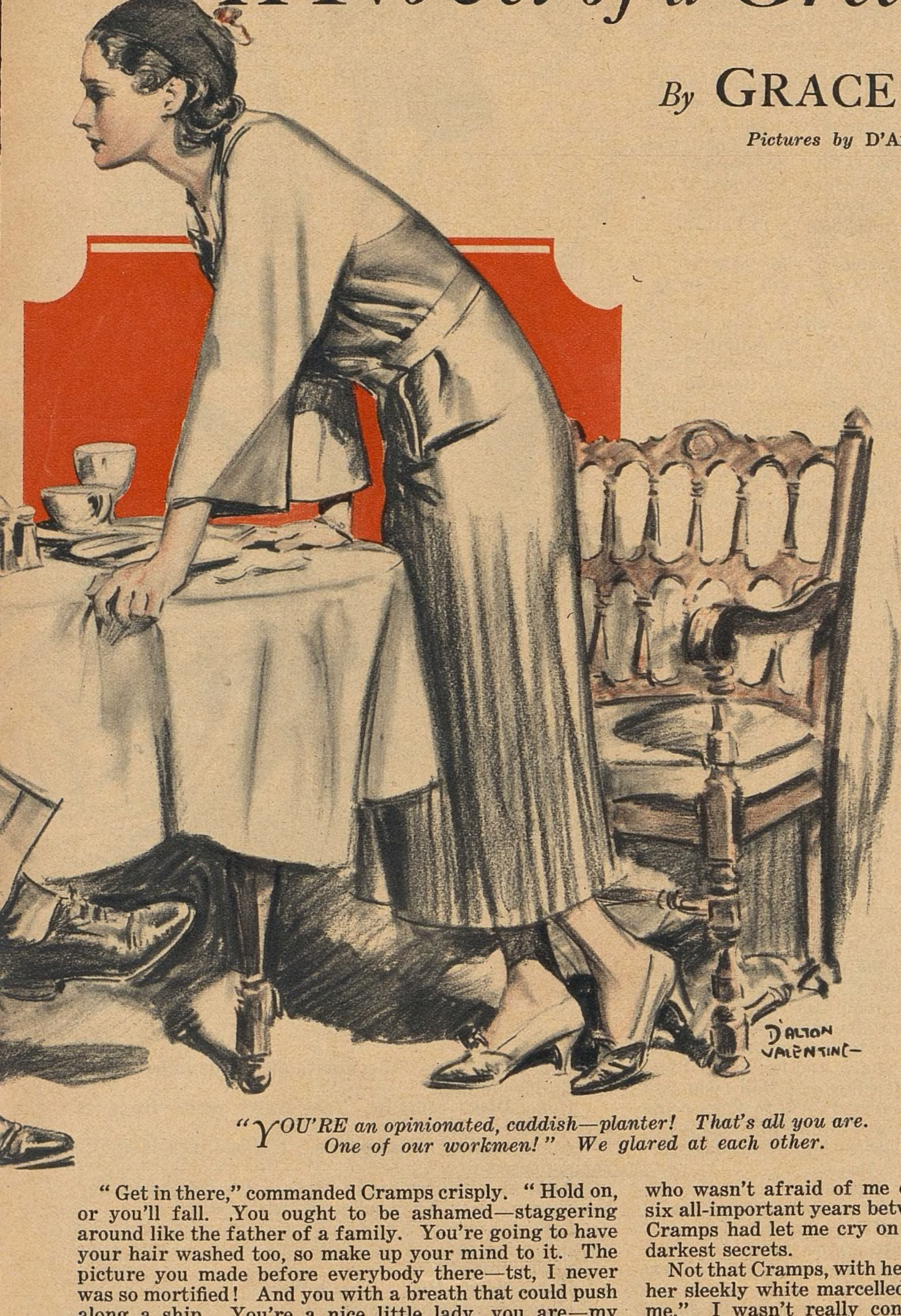
In my suite, all the while that Cramps was working over me, I tried to revision that face clearly. Tried to figure out if it were American—what I'd say to it when I met it, for meet it I surely would.

" Cramps, I'm too sleepy for all this. Please go 'way. I'm *not* going to take a shower."

# A Novel of a Great Love

### By GRACE PERKINS

*Pictures by* D'ALTON VALENTINE



"*YOU'RE an opinionated, caddish—planter! That's all you are. One of our workmen!*" *We glared at each other.*

"Get in there," commanded Cramps crisply. "Hold on, or you'll fall. You ought to be ashamed—staggering around like the father of a family. You're going to have your hair washed too, so make up your mind to it. The picture you made before everybody there—tst, I never was so mortified! And you with a breath that could push along a ship. You're a nice little lady, you are—my foot!"

"I've been a perfect lady for weeks—for months! And I've been on parade for . . . Ouch! Don't do that, Cramps!"

"Sit down. Close your eyes. You'll get soap in them. A fine princess you'll be. A grand queen! Your engagement will be broken, that's what. That's what will come of your wild parties. You had me worried so's I lost ten pounds. I waited until the last minute. I didn't know if you were alive or dead. You *might* meet me at the train and you *might* be lying in the French morgue, for all I knew!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cramps. But I had such a swell time!"

"A swell time you'll pay heavily for. The Prince will hear, and your engagement will be broken, and what will your grandfather do? And what will he say to me? Here, get into this, now. I have clam broth for you."

"I don't want any."

"Drink it down! Take that asperin with it. I hope you were incog last night. Who were you with, anyway?"

"I don't know—everybody."

"Lie back now. And go to sleep."

Gratefully I sank back, aching, exhausted. Blissfully comfortable and content between the clean, cool sheets, conscious that Cramps was still mumbling threats as she moved about the rooms, picking up, unpacking, laying out toilet articles, fixing flowers, opening bon voyage boxes. . . .

CRAMPS had been a perennial name of mine for an endless line of nurses, governesses, chaperons, and companions. But this Cramps—or rather, these Cramps—was the closest friend I had in the world. For six years she had bossed and managed me—the only one I'd ever had who wasn't afraid of me or my family—and for those six all-important years between fourteen and twenty this Cramps had let me cry on her shoulder and tell her my darkest secrets.

Not that Cramps, with her portly, tight-laced figure and her sleekly white marcelled hair, was "like a mother to me." I wasn't really conscious that I'd never known mother-love. Because I worshiped with a thrill of prideful ownership that exquisite, bizarre creature that was my she-parent. You can't call an ardent, superb person like Nina mother. She'd shiver if you called her mother—or laugh! Before I was a dozen years old I had guessed that she didn't want to be old enough to be my mother. . . .

I slept all afternoon, all the night through until noon the next day. I went down for a plunge in the pool, and came back with three in tow for combination breakfast-luncheon, and an eye-opener for the others.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page seven

Flossie Halloway, my secretary, was waiting for me, and I left the gang starting the victrola and drinking it down to the tune of My Heart Stood Still, and went into my bedroom to dress and attend to things. There were dozens of cards that had come with flowers, books, candies, fruit, etc.

Bill, my favorite parent, had wired me spending money from New York, and I radioed him promptly. I was so excited to see Bill. He hadn't been able to get over, and I hadn't seen him in more than a year. . . . There was a long narrow box, white velvet (after you'd peeled off all the royal seals and stamps), which, Flossie told me, a captain of the Moravian Guards had personally delivered to the boat. A pearl necklace from Prince Carlos!

" Oh, Cramps, look! " I chuckled. " The first of the royal jewels. I guess that shows I got over in Moravia! "

" It shows the Prince didn't hear about your goings-on in Paris," she grumbled. But she examined them closely. " Um-m-m-m-m. Pink. Not so muchy."

" About sixty thousand dollars muchy! " I informed her, and tried them on. " I promised not to wear them until the night we officially announce the engagement in New York."

" TAKE a whack at wearing them in bed," sniffed Cramps. " The engagement may never be announced if you don't watch your manners."

" Oh, do let up, Cramps. For one month I don't sneeze out loud. I wear white gloves in the bathtub! And I pass muster. Didn't I, Flossie? The royal family double-checked, and what people there were to impress with the possibility of a future queen were impressed. I guess I can bust loose once in a while. Flossie, wire the Prince, like a dear. Wire grandpa that the Prince says he'll sail in two weeks. He'll want to arrange the engagement party. Give the old buzzard my love. Cramps, I want the white angora sport dress trimmed with fur."

" Now, Miss Anne, that's for your trousseau."

" Gimme. And call me your Majesty, *if* you please! "

" Miss Holt, what about these bills? "

" Save them for Bill, Flossie. They'll be a perfect coming-home present. Oh, and there is a man on board—I wish you'd find out who he is. He must be somebody. He's got very quiet frank eyes. I think they're gray. And he's tall, and wears a cap, and has a coat with a beaver collar. That's a dear. And send word I'll love to have dinner with the captain tonight. Get him theater tickets and things for when we land. Who's on board that's worth while? Have you seen the passenger list? And *have* you visited the dogs, Cramps? How are they? "

I went back to the sitting room and found four at breakfast. Fat André Grossart, the writer who was following his best-selling book over to America to share the honors, was lapping down my share, and he, Lydia Pym, Rita Dodge, and her slightly lame husband Neil (who had gone through the war with charmed luck, to come home and slip on an icy pavement and break his hip) were playing bridge and eating breakfast simultaneously.

" Hi! " I greeted the grinning faces.

" Hello, Beautiful! Come along and—"

" Where in the name of God did you get those pearls? "

" Oh, I meant to take them off! I—"

" Don't tell me you've lost your virtue, Anne! "

" Carlos sent them. I'm not supposed to wear them until—"

" Anne, André thinks he can land liquor. He has a whole bar in one trunk."

" For God's sake, Neil, wind that machine, will you? Or turn it off? "

" Four no trumps. Anne, put on your wig, honey. Gowan."

" Wig? You got a wig, Anne? "

" Lemme see. Whoops, my dear, what a wig! Lemme try it. It doesn't go with my mustache. What's it for, Anne? To scare little children? "

" Oh," I shrugged. " There are moods when I just yearn to be blonde. It makes me feel so powerful."

" Poor little Anne! Born with diamonds in her teeth, and no blonde hair."

" Hello, Dick—come in. Take Neil's hand. He plays such a wormy game."

" Anne, take off those pearls. It's bad luck if you're not supposed to—"

" Anne, did you try one of these? It's burnt rum and blackberry juice. They call it Mother's Ruin."

" Say, sloe-eyed. Who's the hot potato of a siren you got all framed in jade? Don't tell me you're a Lesb, Anne—I never dreamt! "

" Put it down, Dick. That's Nina."

" Nina's her mother, you cluck."

" She's some extra helping of a mother."

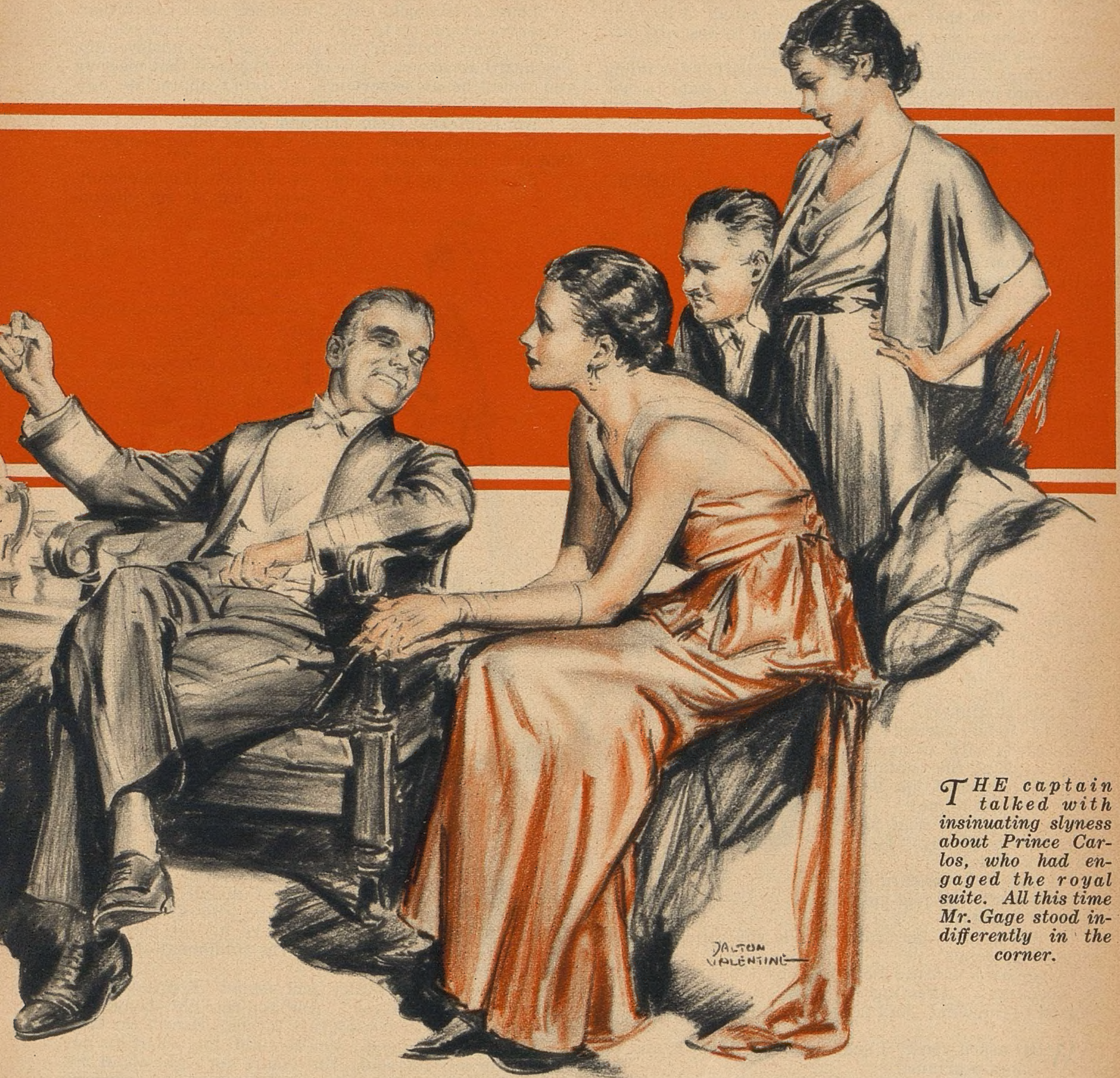
" You bet she is," I nodded.

" And who's this? Not more of the family? "

I got to my feet swiftly and rescued the twin jade frame from the hand that had spilled champagne on it, wiping it carefully with my handkerchief.

" That," I said tersely, " is Bill, my father. And, little one, that's a man. He's the best all-round sport and the most attractive damn' scoundrel in the Western Hemisphere. Say, my father—"

" Sold! Don't bother any more. You can like your



*THE captain talked with insinuating slyness about Prince Carlos, who had engaged the royal suite. All this time Mr. Gage stood indifferently in the corner.*

father. But tell me one thing. How did a guy like that keep away from women long enough to make his Federal Reserve?"

"Don't be a goop. And don't ask her. Ask a well informed bond salesman like me. William Warren Holt didn't make his fortune. He just went, stubbed his toe on some land, bought it, and God put a nice deep pond of oil underneath it. He just—"

"DON'T talk nonsense, Dick!" I protested. "After all, Bill's the head, tail, and middle part of the Puritan Bank. He as good as started it in the first place."

"Sure, with the money from the oil wells who couldn't start a fool bank?"

"Well, he is vice president of the Great Eastern Railways, and he—"

"Which he runs now and then when he isn't playing polo, or taking his yacht on a long cruise, or— Hel-*lo*, Serge darling! Come in. Muriel! Where's the husband?"

"What husband? Didn't you know I just got a divorce?"

"Well, I'll be a so-and-so. Didn't I just send you a wedding present?"

"That was eight months ago, dear. Do you want it back?"

"Are we going to play bridge, or are we going to play bridge?"

They settled down, the lot of them, and from three to six they worked at contract. Rita was a cockeyed winner, and I made up my mind I'd lick her before the trip was over. Just for the good of the nation. Card-playing was the hardest work any of us did.

I was stiff and tired, after the game, and glad to see them all clear out. Cramps and I took a couple of circles of the deck, visited the dogs, and sent a few radios. I picked out a couple of uniforms we passed as possible husbands for her, offering to buy them if she said the word. I argued that inasmuch as I was going to be married she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page nine

might do the same, for I had no intention of keeping a virgin Cramps that might be contaminated. I loved to tease Cramps—she warped so. I tried to describe how royal beds demanded witnesses, and why.

" Cramps," I said as she prepared my bath, " I'm going to dip into my trousseau again tonight. I want to look rare. Get out that blue velvet with purple grapes, will you? And orchids."

Cramps shrugged.

" Who's the man? "

" I'll wake you up and tell you when I come in, darling."

" Miss Anne, you should be careful! You know you're susceptible."

" Yes, thank God! "

Up in the captain's quarters, I walked bang into my fate. Handsomer than I remembered, in evening clothes. Introduced as Mr. Gage.

There was much discussion about my having held up the boat, and of how we were making up time to erase the delay. The captain talked with insinuating slyness about Prince Carlos, who had engaged the royal suite for the next westward trip.

All this time Mr. Gage stood indifferently in the corner, talking to a blonde and keeping her glass occupied. But I'd seen indifferent men before. I knew he was listening.

Later, at dinner, I managed to change around the place cards with an apologetic wink at the captain, and so it happened that Mr. Gage sat next to me!

" A. Gage? " I read his place card innocently. " Isn't a gage a plum? "

" A gage is a standard of measurement," he told me gravely. " Often a measurement of quality."

He had a quiet, lazy voice—made you think he could sing sleepy songs.

" Gage has a nautical meaning, too," the captain tucked in solemnly. " Affecting the position of a vessel with regard to the wind—and to another vessel."

" WHO asked you? " I snapped impertinently, and the captain grinned.

" If you *must* be well informed "—the young gentleman at my side warmed up slightly—" a gage is often something that's given as security—or as a pledge."

" How touching! " I mocked. " My name has a meaning, too. Holt is bad grammer for hold. Isn't that significant? My first name is Anne. Does that mean anything to you, as the fortune tellers say? "

" Mine is Anthony."

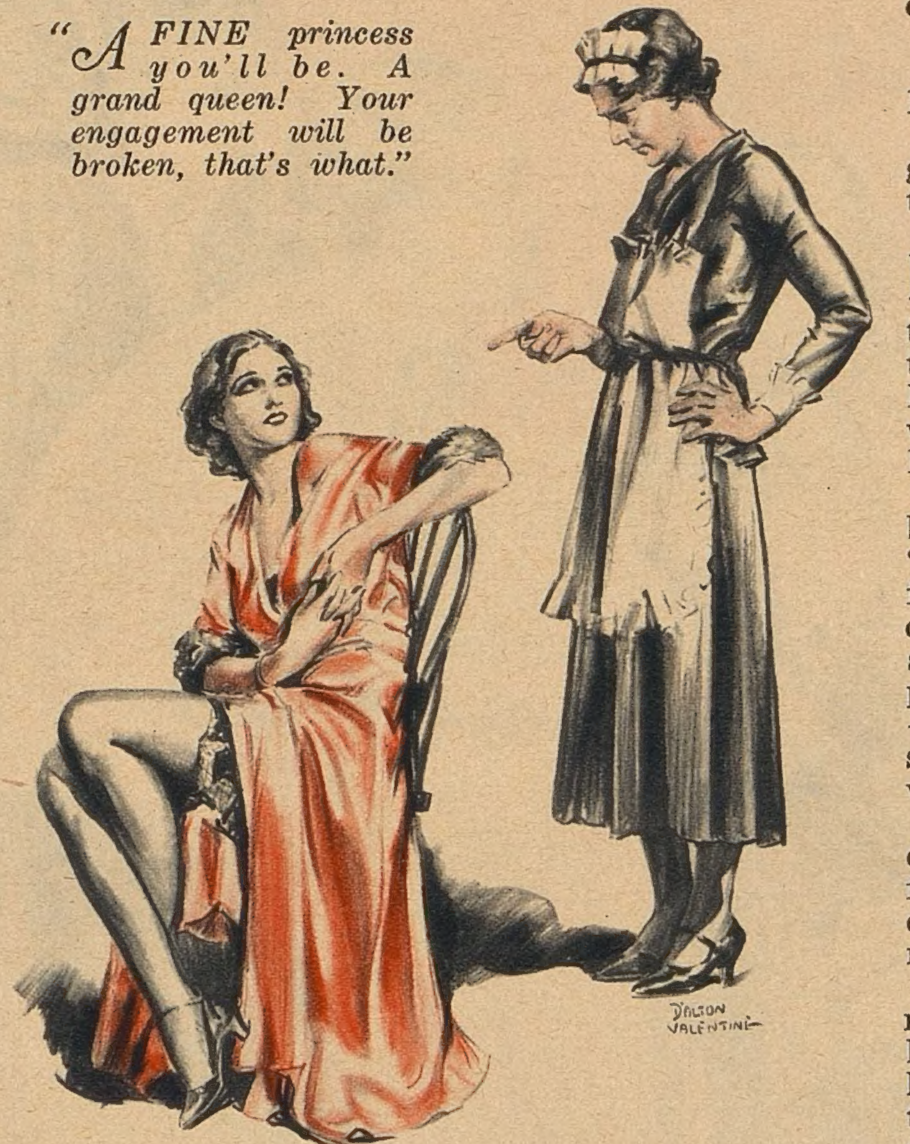
" Not the famous saint? I'd never believe it. Anne and Anthony. Captain, isn't that a combination? "

" Be careful of her, Gage," warned the captain for answer. " My most difficult voyages are when she's on board. But, before you two go to the trouble of telling your middle names, come to me and I'll give you a fair line on each other."

" I know a good deal about Miss Holt as it is," said Gage. " For seven years "—he buttered his bread thoughtfully—" I've been the manager of her grandfather's coffee plantations in Brazil."

" No! You've been right in the family that long and I never was told? What are you doing here? "

*" A FINE princess you'll be. A grand queen! Your engagement will be broken, that's what."*



" Returning from my vacation. For two months a year I roam at will."

" Are you going back now? "

" I have a few weeks left. I must see your grandfather. Of course I come up to visit him several times a year, as a rule. For a good part of my life, as I've journeyed up, I've heard about you. I've often imagined that meeting you would be an experience. I didn't appreciate how much of an experience it would be."

" Am I different from what you expected? "

" No; only so much more so of what I had visualized that it is just as—shall I say disconcerting? "

" Say anything you want. Shall I take it as a compliment—that I am disconcerting? "

" No."

" Um-m-m. You think I'm a snob."

" I think you are your grandfather's granddaughter."

I LAUGHED, relieved.

" But I'm not a bit like that old fool! What a way to judge! To begin with, if I thought I looked like that wizened, hard-eyed old owl, I'd call it a life."

" I suppose you *would* bring that up," he scoffed. " You know you're beautiful. Somewhat skinny, of course, but that is, no doubt, supposed to be an accomplishment. But I must say—as everyone probably says—you are the loveliest woman I have ever seen."

" Then—what? Why the disapproval? " I struggled for nonchalance. " Why the comparison to an old tyrant nobody likes? "

" I'm not inferring that nobody likes you." Anthony, head to one side, grinned at his wineglass. " I imagine there are some strange individuals who like Jerome Cedric. I can't really conceive of it, but I suppose it must be so. But I cannot imagine your grandfather's liking anyone but himself. You're his one absorbing interest because he sees in you the fulfillment of certain dreams that eluded him."

" Marrying into royalty, you mean? You have it all figured out, haven't you? And you're right, Tony, to a certain extent. He doesn't care for me. Except for family pride—family bond. You're right, too, about his not caring for a living soul. But you're not right about my being like him in that. I do care for somebody, even to giving my life for him if it came right down to it."

" Prince Carlos of Moravia? " he asked softly.

" No—no," I admitted with a shrug. " Bill, my father. He's unique."

" But—you haven't seen your father in a year, have you? " he taunted.

" Tony," I flared peevishly, " if Bill needed me, or I needed Bill, we'd swim this cockeyed ocean to get to each other."

He was silent as plates were being changed, and I turned to the captain, annoyed and flustered. For a few minutes Anthony Gage talked with the woman at his left, and then I felt his eyes on me again. I turned, determined to be insolent and flippant.

" Was there," I demanded, knowing damned well I should drop the matter, " any other reason for your predisposition to dislike me? Any other false summing up of my character? "

" Character? " He smiled—that same slightly contemptuous smile that I had first seen on deck the afternoon before. "You can't mean character. You mean personality."

"In other words, I have no character?"

"I have met few women in my wanderings," he grinned, "who have had any character. And they could hardly have been called beautiful."

"And you prefer character in a woman?"

"I don't know." He pretended deep thought. "But I do know I'd draw the line at becoming the slave of beauty."

"Listen, Savonarola. I've got a nice little character all tucked away for emergency and it does very nicely."

"But you would think so, naturally, wouldn't you? I suppose Jerome Cedric thinks he has a fine character when he is squeezing the sweat of the natives, hogging the market, ruining crops, and ladening the ships with blood-soaked coffee beans that will add to his millions."

"You hate my grandfather!"

"No—he isn't worth hating."

My thoughts flashed to Bill, who so often made the same statement. Jerome Cedric had been bitterly resentful of Nina's marriage to this self-educated country hick with no social prestige, and had stopped at very little to humiliate and cross Bill in every way possible, financial and social.

"I'm sorry I offended you," Anthony offered good-naturedly. "I've said too much."

"Oh, not at all. I love it! It's a grand way to make me like you right from the start."

"But I don't want you to like me," he laughed. "I don't wish to hurt you. But if telling you the truth makes you dislike me, so much the better. Because you've had the bright idea that you could go for me, haven't you? You've had the idea that I might make a pleasant little episode to brighten up the voyage. And I'd prefer you'd transfer your interests."

I gasped. "If *that's* your idea of the truth, Tony! You're attracted to me yourself—and you know it."

"That's just why! I'm not in the habit of being episodic. I couldn't function as a chosen side show. You're a very desirable creature—and very potent. You are used to snapping your fingers and having them all toe the mark. Well, I'm used to the same thing, strange as it may seem. When I whistle, they come. And *I* call the tunes, when I dance."

"Are you trying to start something?"

"No; I'm trying to prevent something. Besides, even if I were interested, what could it mean? You are Anne Cedric Holt—engaged to marry a prince. Not a real prince, to be sure. I mean—a dethroned, *exiled* prince, who hopes with the fortune this marriage will bring to win back his crown and proclaim himself king. To finance the revolution that he and his followers have been hatching with—how many millions is it that your grandfather is settling on this alliance? I remember it's an expensive little prince—a quite costly husband. But it's worth it, no doubt. And, prince or king, crowned or uncrowned, you *are* engaged to be married! Aren't you?"

I gulped some wine to drown the desire to hit him.

"YOU make me laugh," I told him, and I was proud that my voice was as casual as his. "Don't you realize that your childish attempts to pique me prove that you're tremendously interested?"

"Oh, that's kindergarten stuff!" He winked wryly at his coffee cup as if I'd committed a *faux pas*. "My dear Miss Holt—you are utterly charming—but all your worst qualities have been developed with infinite care and all your good ones left to rot. You're clever and attractive, but you haven't anything to back it up. No standard!"

"I think you're nice, too."

"I expected you to laugh. I hardly expected you to realize I mean every word I say."

"No," I contradicted, and used my finger bowl thoughtfully. "No, Tony; I've taken your words to heart. You say I have no standard. In other words, I need a—gage!"

We rose to leave the table.

"You wouldn't know how to use one if you had it!" he murmured, and with a gentlemanly bow let me pass by.

## II

I WAS about as comfortable and happy the rest of the night as a turtle on its back. I danced, and bet on the ship's pool in the bar, convinced that I was thankful that Anthony Gage had disappeared off the face of the ship immediately after dinner. I went to bed around twelve, but I couldn't sleep. So around one I got up and dressed, and sneaked out, leaving Cramps snoring to high heaven, and skulked down the crowd. I found them in Rita's room, bridging, and decided that a game and licking Rita was just what I needed to set me up.

"Good! We don't mind taking your money." Neil made room for me. "Only I don't trust you when you're in such a mood."

"It's that Gage person," Rita informed the crowd coolly. "I watched them at dinner."

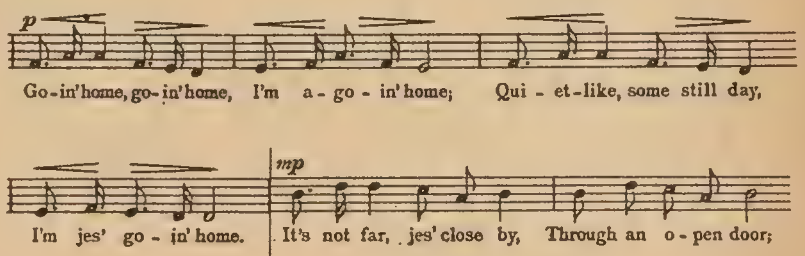
"You would," I grumbled.

"Looked as if he came out on top, if you ask me." Rita smiled cattily. "He's awfully good-looking. If you're through with him, I'll take a shot in the morning."

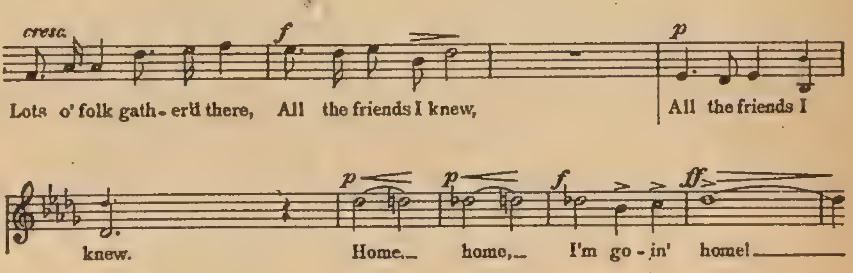
"Oh, hush-hush," I protested. "I came for a game. Play up or pay up! The sky's the limit with me tonight."

Along about three Serge joined us, to stand by and watch in smoldering silence. He had Lydia and a young man in tow—Ned Robbins, a famous jazz piano player who had all the earmarks of becoming Lydia's fourth husband. Along about half past four we quit, stiff in the joints. I was minus one thirty-thousand-dollar Cartier bracelet! And Rita, who was famous for being a bad winner, was crowing loud enough to wake the whole ship. Neil and Dick started on a still hunt to round up something resembling breakfast, and we all tracked over to Serge's suite, where—rarity of rarities—he played for us. I listened, lost in a semihaze of longings and dreams, until he slipped into a melody that took my heart, shook it in its teeth, and left it limp. . . .

*


p
Go-in' home, go-in' home, I'm a-go-in' home; Qui-et-like, some still day,
I'm jes' go-in' home.
mp
It's not far, jes' close by, Through an o-pen door;

I leaned back and closed my eyes, that burned with stupid, sentimental tears. . . .


cresc.
f
p
Lots o' folk gath-er'd there, All the friends I knew, All the friends I
knew.
p
p
f
ff
Home, home, I'm go-in' home!

He drew the last whispering high note so softly that it was lost in the breathing of his listeners.

I got up and sneaked quietly out of the cabin. I hadn't been so close to crying for a long while.

Five feet from Serge's door stood Tony Gage. Obviously he had been listening. Obviously, too, he was tired. He looked drawn and—

"Good Lord!" I said to the man I'd promised myself I'd never speak to again. "There's blood on your sleeve!"

His eyes had fastened themselves on me as if I'd been a sudden apparition. Now he looked slowly down to where an ugly blotch of blood had stained his cuff and his coat. "It's nothing. I'm not hurt."

"Have you been in a fight? Who's hurt, Tony?"

"There's a kid—down in the steerage—a little Brazilian kid—coming over with his mother. I knew his folks—his father worked on the *fazenda*."

His lips quivered and he swallowed dryly.

"Is it—" I began.

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NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page eleven

"No—no." He shook his head. "I guess he will live. They operated—just an hour ago. I was on my way back when I heard that music." He blinked a moment foolishly, and then reached out to open the deck door. He was trying not to show me that he felt faint. He stepped out into the cool morning air, and I followed him. He leaned against the rail and closed his eyes a moment.

"Listen," I said suddenly. "You need a drink."

"No. I'm all right. A drink would make me sick right now." He puffed out air and shook his head like a diver. "I've seen operations performed before—but that one got me."

"It must have been—terrible! Is there anything I could do, do you suppose?"

"No."

"I can bring the kid up into civilization," I suggested. "I can get him a good decent cabin and see he has decent food and a good nurse."

"That's all been done." He waved away the suggestion. "No. You could comfort the mother, if you would. She's young and he's her only child. Her husband was French. They went over to visit his people, and he died there a few months ago. She's sleeping now. She's ill herself and she hasn't rested in thirty-six hours."

"Will you tell me when I can see her?"

He nodded, turned, and his smile was the first attempt at genuine friendliness I had seen him achieve.

"Will you have breakfast with me?" he suggested—and maybe he didn't know how to ask a favor! "The doctor said he'd send some up to me, and I'll ask him to make it two—in the bar."

GRACE PERKINS

*is a Boston girl, reared in Westchester County, New York. Daughter of a publisher, she began her public career on the stage. She is the author of many successful novels, including Ex-Mistress, Night Nurse, and Personal Maid, and motion-picture plays, and is the mother of a five-year-old daughter named April.*

Back in my room, I took a swift shower and got into a flaming yellow sport suit. Asking myself why in the devil I should feel all young and set up because I was going to have breakfast with Tony Gage and he was acting nice. Not daring to admit the answer.

TONY GAGE knew how to be charming. I had guessed as much, but he seemed bent upon proving it at *almoco*—which from then on became my standard name for breakfast. I sat enthralled, listening to his quiet, boyish enthusiasm for Brazil and his life there. . . . It had never occurred to me in all my lifetime to want to visit my grandfather's plantations; but the more he talked the more fired I became with a desire to visit the place—to see the men and the women and even children in the fields, busy with cloths, sieves, and baskets, collecting the berries. The plantation that Tony managed, as complete czar, was about eleven thousand acres, with many millions of trees that filled the air with a heady, lascivious perfume.

He told me of the lotteries and how they are run, of the family life, and of the women—of his washerwoman, who wore as a matter of course diamond earrings that cost her whole life's savings. . . .

"I've often thought that was where your grandfather got his passion for diamonds," Tony smiled. "The Brazilian woman considers that huge sparkling diamonds are every woman's simple right. But diamonds are cheese chips as far as I'm concerned. There's only one precious stone."

"Rubies? I love—"

"No. Emeralds," he confided, and his entire manner changed. "Miss Holt—"

"Anne to you."

"Miss Holt," he repeated firmly, "I have my eye—both eyes and my heart and soul as well—on an emerald pocket in—I won't say where. Last year I spent my vacation exploring down in Peru. You know, when the Spaniards first conquered South America they got huge quantities of emeralds from the Peruvians. The secret of their source has never been discovered. I'd give my soul for a few years and enough money to follow my own theories down there, because I *know*—"

He broke off, embarrassed.

"You found it?" I breathed.

"I found enough to believe!" he nodded. "Some day, when I'm free from the contract that ties me to Jerome Cedric, the—I beg your pardon!"

"Bastard?" I suggested and laughed. "We usually call him a love child, but I can face facts without squirming."

"SO you know!" Tony leaned forward with intense interest.

"Well, of course. I'm his offspring." I shrugged, amused.

"Gosh, I found out the old sneak's history about a year ago," Tony confided. "I was so tickled to have something on him! No kidding. Mighty few people know, really, that he's—"

"Do you like illegitimate?" I suggested. "You see, Tony, it doesn't faze me to discuss it, so don't look so apologetic. I come from a long and noted line of illegitimate children. It all began when my great-great-great-grandmother had a chastity belt forced upon her when her husband went to war. Naturally the good lady defied such an indignity. Very admirable, I call it. Then her son, who was the outcome of her rebellion, was married to a British peeress by a captain at sea. Only the captain was an outlaw, and so the marriage wasn't legal."

The more I laughed the more he stared at me, puzzled—and that slightly contemptuous smile flickered on his lips.

"Then with grandfather—" I went on. "Jerome Cedric isn't actually his name, of course. Everybody knows he's connected with royal courts all over Europe; but few people guess his real father was the—"

"King of ——."

"Yes," I nodded. "The Queen managed to have grandpa and his naughty mama exiled. Grandfather was only fifteen then. He went to South America and began his fortune there."

"With King—with his father's money," growled Tony.

"Well, of course! He always supplied grandfather. With advice as well as money. He does to this day. Of course, grandfather has never been allowed back into that country. He and his father did meet, though, five years ago, in Ostend. I was there. It's really through that occasion that I eventually met Prince Carlos."

"So he's behind Prince Carlos' idea of putting himself back on his throne, too? Very interesting!"

"Yes. Only, Tony, you did get me awfully wrong about one thing at dinner. My engagement to Prince Carlos isn't all politics and finance. I'm tremendously fond of him. He's a darling, really. And he adores me."

"You're not in love with him," insisted Tony gravely. "You don't know what love is."

"What is love, grandma?"

"I hate you when you talk like that," he snapped.

"Like what?"

"Flippant. I hate to hear you say 'bastard.' I hate to hear you talk about scandals and chastity belts."

"You're a sweet, naïve child."

"I hate that, too! Here all morning I've forgotten who you were, and I felt— Oh, well, you spoil it all!"

"I'm shallow, self-centered, and selfish again, just because I'm offhand?"

"You're pretty much of a little fool—and your own worst enemy."

"And you're an opinionated, caddish—planter! That's all you are. One of our workmen!"

We glared at each other. And his expression made me feel I was some sort of a cheap little gutterpup. I'd have given worlds to have taken back that last childish outburst. I got up and flounced out of the bar.

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*If Anne could have looked into the future and seen the adventures awaiting her—adventures involving Tony, her father, and her mother—she would have been amazed. In next week's installment you'll watch her face a crisis.*

Picture by CHARLES DE FEO

# Who Are the Ten Best Mannered Men in America?

## Do You Agree with These Choices by

### MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

*(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)*

MY grandfather used to tell us that good manners were only the evidences of a good heart. Fundamentally that is true, but sometimes an outward practice may become an inner habit. Too often people are impolite from thoughtlessness. They say something without considering its effect. They intended no more to be rude than the hostess of two continents who, attending a friend's tea, said: "I meant to go on to the Vanderbilts, but I am not smartly enough dressed, so stopped in here." That woman was not at heart a snob or unkind, but she never took the trouble to put herself in another's place.

Haste, impatience, is responsible for a great deal. A mind that is more nimble than the next resents delay in response to a suggestion. That is where the veneer of good manners should play a part. If nervously irritable, we should feel obligated to suppress its manifestation.

Anyone who thinks about it knows that nothing oils the machinery of life like courteousness.

As I write that word there comes to my mind a great soul in a great body. As he came toward one on the streets of Washington, his ringing laugh preceding him, the atmosphere seemed to become rarefied. William Howard Taft as Cabinet officer, President, and Chief Justice of the United States, made the world a pleasanter place because of his mere existence. Blest with a divine disposition, he radiated good will. His kindness of heart was translated into good manners.

The reverse of the picture is a memory of my youth. A man who used to drive a trotting horse in a Hudson River town. We hated to meet him, his manner was so repellent. If forced to acknowledge a greeting, he took off his hat with a gesture that plainly said, "Go to the devil!"

In a city where I run my own motor occasionally, it is the exception when a policeman is civil. To be a traffic policeman is no sinecure, but their jobs would be less irksome were their manners improved. On the other hand, to "give them back as good as they give" is no solution.

There are in this country those who consider that civility is a stamp of servility. This is absurd. Very often, too, these same people as they become better situated demand every consideration.

The editor of Liberty has asked me: "Who are the ten most gracious men and the ten most gracious women you know?" It seems a large order to try to answer this, t

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

pick and choose among one's acquaintances. Also it is a shock to find graciousness distinctive, unusual. Yet as I muster various women before me the line is not a long one from which to draw examples.

Into the picture almost dances a radiant, joyous personality. It is a bright, frosty day. She is walking briskly around the pool south of the Lincoln Memorial. Two children on bicycles approach her unsteadily. She hesitates, watches them pass, then smiling at the mother, "How well they ride for such little things!" Farther on a small boy with a dog on a leash just escapes colliding with her. "Well, sonny," laughing merrily, "don't let him run away with you!" The sun shines brighter for those who came in contact with that charm.

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*Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who wrote this article, is a leader of Washington society, widely known for her political salon. She was a founder and the first president of the Colony Club, and has an enviable record of war work and other public service.*

At night she stands in line while hundreds—or is it thousands?—shake her hand. Each one receives a personal word. All go away with the feeling that they, individually, have made a difference to her by being there. It comes from the heart, this genius for graciousness of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. It is also born of thought for others. When her whole being was grieving because of the loss of her son, no change was ever noted in her manner.

Mrs. Coolidge will go down in history as the crystallization of intrinsic as well as manifested graciousness.

As I think of receiving lines another with a lovely spirit passes in review. I have watched this woman many times and marveled. For everyone there is a personal and kindly word. The smile on the beautiful mouth is gentle, friendly, the manner always one of intense interest. It is not only, however, in public that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson shines. In her home, among her friends, she is the same merry, unselfish, thoughtful woman.

The earliest admiration of mine, and one that has come with me down the years, is an aunt. When she was young she was considered one of New York's great beauties. In England royalty singled her out for attention. Everywhere she drew admiration. None of it was ever known to alter her attitude. She was always gentle mannered, sympathetic, radiant. More than anyone I have ever known she makes people feel when with her that they for the moment are more important than anyone else. Her voice has a caressing quality that soothes while it warms. Even today, when over eighty, she still retains not only beauty of form and features, but also of heart. (When an artist painted the most lovely women in New York as the Nine Muses she was one of his models.) My Aunt Nell Jaffray never hurt or was rude to anyone in her long life. She is one whom life's mischances did not embitter. She is, if ever there was one, a grande dame.

FROM quite another environment comes a woman who, without intent, combines all life's amenities. Madame de la Vergne is what is called a "little" dressmaker. That is, she has no showroom. A great deal of the sewing is done by her own hands. With a family to support and almost no recreation, she never complains. Invariably cheerful, always polite and patient, she is a lesson to many. In her own line she is an artist, but with none of the artist's proverbial uncertainty of temperament.

Speaking of artists, Elsie de Wolfe, now Lady Mendl, is at the top where manners are concerned. There is no one who has more suavity. She is a perfect hostess, and a welcome guest. In her profession as decorator she was practically, as a woman, a pioneer. Undoubtedly her charming manners were, equally with her taste, responsible for her great success.

I think of two women, wives of ambassadors, whose beautiful manners have contributed to their husbands' achievements. Madame Jusserand, the wife of the longtime French ambassador to the United States, was noted for her grace and sweetness. The other, the wife of the Hon. Henry P. Fletcher, who has been in turn American ambassador to Chile, Mexico, Belgium, and Italy, has left a trail of delightful memories in each of these countries. She has rare tact and charm of manner. She never discriminates as to from where or what her visitor sprang.

The wife of Theodore Roosevelt, Governor General of the Philippines, certainly deserves a blue ribbon. One of the best wives and mothers I have ever known, she is a fine woman in every sense. With those characteristics she combines as attractive and genuinely good manners as can be found. She is one of my enthusiasms.

Now that I have begun to write, so many gracious figures crowd my canvas that it is impossible to choose. Therefore, I must leave two open.

GALLANT men! Ten of them! Not so easy to catalogue as the women.

Everyone, however, who even has his acquaintance, I believe, would agree that Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes leads all the rest. He has so many outstanding qualities—culture, erudition, progressiveness, fearlessness, humanity. Even then courtesy is not overshadowed. His colleagues on the Supreme Bench said of him at ninety, "He is always the gallant gentleman."

As usher, later head usher, for forty years at the White House, "Ike" Hoover has retained the admiration and affectionate respect of ten administrations. His consideration of others is never failing. He keeps the wheels of the President's house running smoothly. One President used to say, "If you are ever in doubt, consult Ike Hoover. He knows everything."

It is refreshing to be able to mention two of the younger generation. Benjamin Kittredge, the novelist, educated in England, makes all those around him happier because of his thoughtfulness and gallantry.

Olin Dows, a rising young artist, great-grandson and grandson of presidents of Wesleyan College, is beloved by everyone. A most manly type, he never forgets life's little graces.

During the Wilson administration there was an Undersecretary of State who won the affection of three continents. The more harassing the times, the more controlled and self-effacing he became. His are the manners that come straight from the heart. The Hon. Frank L. Polk is always the loyal friend and courteous gentleman.

There is nothing more difficult than to be thrown with anyone against whom you have a prejudice, and not to show it. I think of a man whom I have seen more than once sit at dinner next to a woman of whom he had heard little good. I would defy anyone to discover his real feelings. He never forgets to be kind and interested in his neighbor. For that and other reasons, I believe that the Hon. George Wickersham, Chairman of the Wickersham Commission, deserves a place in this list.

Mr. Justice Stone, another member of the Supreme Court, must be included. He has delightful manners, and a fund of humor that smooths out many a wrinkle.

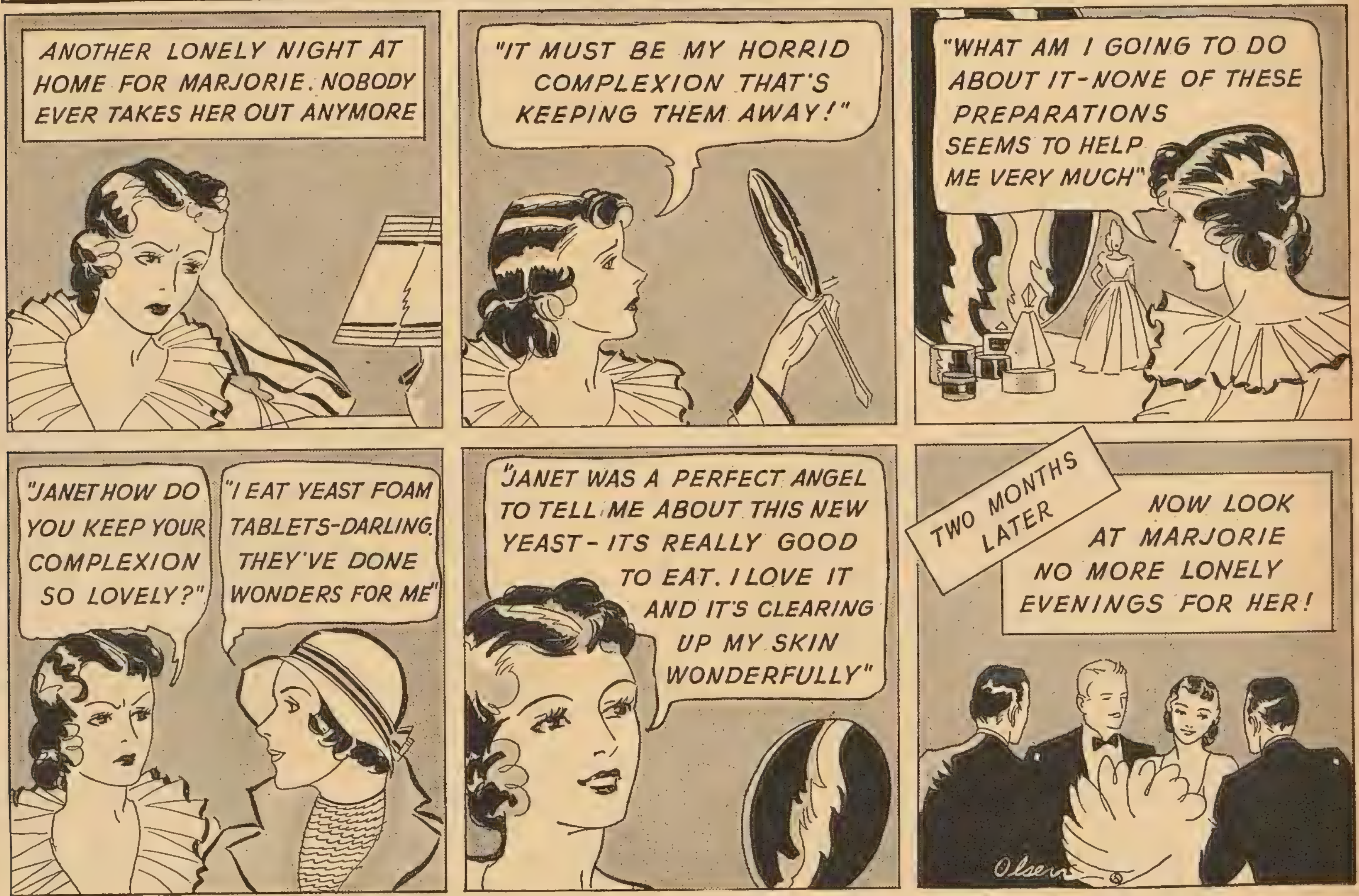
If Mr. George Arliss, the great actor, has anything approaching the graces he depicts on the stage, no one could excel him. From his friends I hear that he has.

There is a chauffeur in the employ of a friend of mine. He is never lacking in politeness. He knows his place, and yet makes you feel that you would welcome him as a friend. Laford smiles, and the world smiles back at him.

Again, I must leave a place empty. It is too difficult to choose the last.

THE END

# Marjorie discovers how to get a lovely complexion


ANOTHER LONELY NIGHT AT HOME FOR MARJORIE. NOBODY EVER TAKES HER OUT ANYMORE
"IT MUST BE MY HORRID COMPLEXION THAT'S KEEPING THEM AWAY!"
"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT IT—NONE OF THESE PREPARATIONS SEEMS TO HELP ME VERY MUCH"
"JANET HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY?"
"I EAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS—DARLING. THEY'VE DONE WONDERS FOR ME"
"JANET WAS A PERFECT ANGEL TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS NEW YEAST—ITS REALLY GOOD TO EAT. I LOVE IT AND IT'S CLEARING UP MY SKIN WONDERFULLY"
TWO MONTHS LATER
NOW LOOK AT MARJORIE NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS FOR HER!
Olsen

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60
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
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# SOFT SOAP

## By FRANK O. HOUGH

*(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)*

C. B. JENKINS was taking the morning mail in his stride when his telephone rang. The interruption annoyed him faintly. He was a tall man whose big frame, at thirty-eight, had put on rather more flesh than was quite becoming for that age. Irritation became his florid face poorly. It detracted from the Jovian pomposity which was so aptly achieved by the teetering pince-nez he affected.

"One of the salesmen is out here and wants to see you," the operator said. "It's Mr. Tilman from the Connecticut territory."

"I'll see him in a moment," Jenkins said.

He hung up the receiver, tilted back in his chair, and pursed his lips. Tilman?

He consulted a small notebook hidden in a desk drawer. There it was:

TILMAN, Joseph R. (Eastern Conn.)
Wife—Marjorie L.
Children—Billy ("Buster")—5 yrs.
Agnes—6 mos.
KEY: V-11

He swung about in his swivel chair and glanced at the walls. A great number of photographs were hung there, all neatly framed. Photographs of women and children, for the most part, although an occasional male figure appeared to complete a family group. They were arranged in apparently haphazard fashion, yet with real system. C. B. Jenkins was able to turn immediately to a certain spot indicated by V-11 without waste of time or effort.

He looked at the photograph. It showed a woman and two children. The woman was rather good-looking in a commonplace way. She would be thirty; perhaps less, for her face showed faintly toil-worn lines. The little boy was sturdy and radiated good health, but the baby in the woman's arms held his gaze for an instant. It was probably the ugliest-looking brat he had ever laid eyes upon.

He took another notebook, larger, from the flat center drawer of the desk. He opened it to the letter T, and Joseph R. Tilman's sales record was spread before him. It was a short record but quite a good one. It told C. B. Jenkins, among other things, the object of this visit. He leaned back in his chair and frowned thoughtfully. Then he slammed the book shut, put it back in the drawer, and picked up the telephone.

"You can send Tilman in," he told the operator.

Joseph R. Tilman entered. He was a man of medium height, medium weight, medium coloring, medium everything. He was the type one would expect to find making sixty to seventy-five dollars a week selling hardware to the retail trade. There were fifty just about like him on C. B. Jenkins' sales force and several hundred more on the sales forces of his competitors.

C. B. Jenkins jumped to his feet, held out a cordial hand.

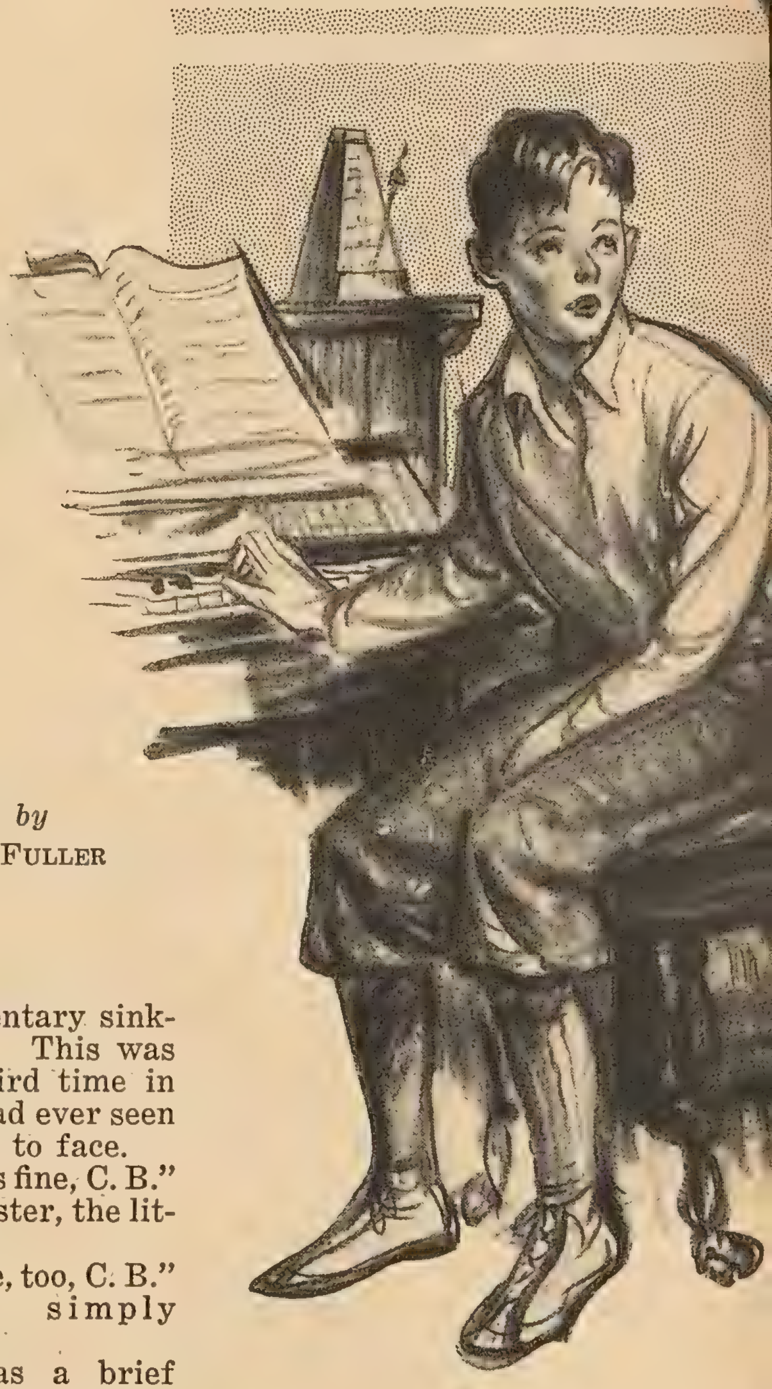
"Hello, Joe, old man! Great to see you! How're things?"

"Good morning, Mr.—eh—good morning, C. B. Fine! Everything's fine. How're you?"

"Couldn't be better, Joe. How's Margie?"

"Huh?"

"Marjorie. Your wife. Mrs. Joe." C. B. Jenkins had a momentary sinking feeling. This was only the third time in his life he had ever seen Tilman face to face.



Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

"Oh, she's fine, C. B."

"And Buster, the little rascal?"

"He's fine, too, C. B."

"That's simply great."

There was a brief pause. In his instant of confusion the baby's name had slipped Jenkins' mind. Before it had time to pop back Tilman was able to get ahead with the business at hand.

"My three months is up, you know, C. B.," he said. "That's what I come in to see you about. Like you told me, I fixed my swing around the territory so as to get here at this time."

"Yes, yes. Of course, Joe. I've had my eye on you. You've done right well, too, considering the depression."

"I gone twenty per cent over the quota you gave me," Tilman said.

"Sure enough! That's a fact," Jenkins cried. He recalled the baby's name now. It was Agnes.

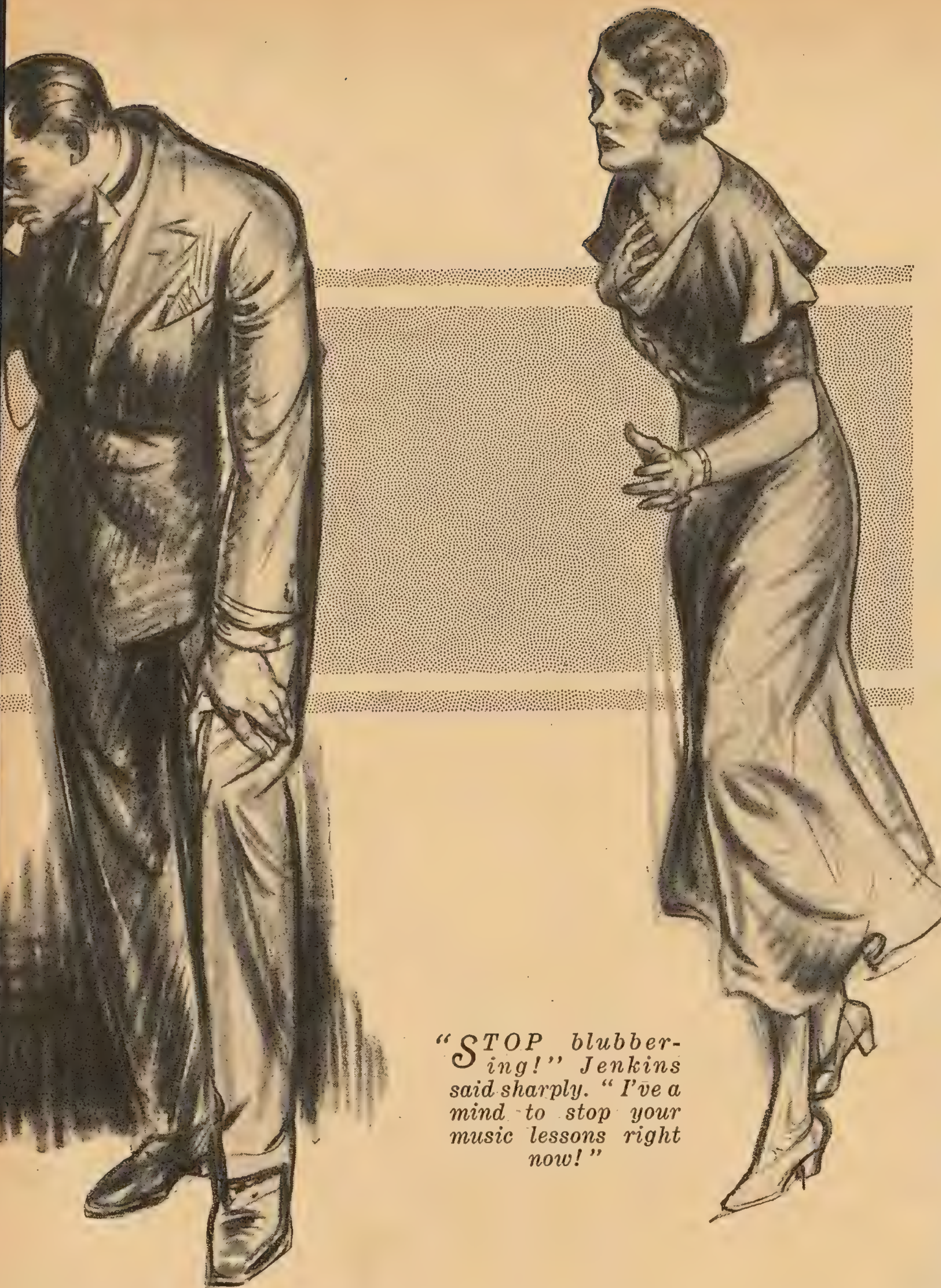
"I'm wondering about that raise, C. B. You remember I came on at sixty for a trial period," Tilman said. "If I beat my quota I was to get seventy-five after three months."

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Joe," Jenkins resumed. "The company's been terribly hard hit during the past quarter. The chief's scared. He's putting the screws on. Absolutely no more raises, he says, for six months anyway."

Tilman looked blank. "But that don't apply to me," he said. "I come here on an agreement—"

"I'm afraid it applies to everyone, Joe," Jenkins said

### A Story Wives Will Appreciate—Perhaps You Have One of These in Your Office Too



*"STOP blubbering!" Jenkins said sharply. "I've a mind to stop your music lessons right now!"*

sadly. " It's tough, I'll admit. But you're better off than some, at that. Lots of the boys are taking cuts."

" Well, I'll be—"

" Hold on, Joe. Keep your shirt on. These are tough times for everybody."

" But I'm twenty per cent above quota! "

" I KNOW. It's tough." Jenkins leaned toward him sympathetically. " I hate to see this happen, Joe. But don't you worry. This company doesn't forget hard work and loyalty. You've got a big future with this company, Joe. Once things pick up, you'll have the little old home paid for in no time at all."

" Our home's all paid for," Tilman said.

" That's fine! " Jenkins said quickly. " Then you're not so badly off. Home paid for, good job, fine future—"

" Oh, yeah? " Tilman said.

" Fine future, I repeat. And a fine little family, Joe." Jenkins swung in his chair and gestured unerringly at V-11. " A damn' fine family, I call it! "

Tilman looked at the photograph. His expression softened a little.

" Couple of real kids there, C. B.," he said.

" I'll say they are! " Jenkins said heartily. " And a real wife, too. Marjorie is the kind of girl who will stand by a fellow in a pinch. I can tell."

Tilman did not answer. He was looking at the photograph.

" And the baby, Agnes," Jenkins continued. " She's a bright-looking little chit. I'll bet you she grows up to be a regular raving beauty like her mother."

Tilman smiled. " She is real bright, C. B.," he said. " Why, last time I made home she knew me right off. She laughed and said ' da-da '—just like that. And her only six months old."

" Did she, now? Say, that's great! Great kid! The kind it's worth plugging for."

TILMAN'S face fell a little.

" Now, about that raise, C. B.—"

" You'll get it, Joe. I promise you that. You'll get it the very first minute the chief lets up. Just you stick to the job, Joe, and leave it to me."

" Marjorie will be real disappointed," Tilman said slowly. " Tomorrow's her birthday, and I'd kind of promised—"

" Her birthday, eh! Tomorrow? Well, well, well! Isn't that fine! Wish her many happy returns from me, Joe."

Tilman left a few minutes later, and Jenkins immediately rang for his secretary.

" Memorandum for you, Miss Marlowe," he said. " Wire flowers tomorrow—Mrs. Marjorie Tilman. Salesman's wife, you know. Lives somewhere in Connecticut. Personal message from me with them. Hm-m-m. ' Best wishes and many happy returns. Love to the children.' Oh, any kind of flowers you like. But don't spend more than two dollars."

" You want it entered on your expense account, Mr. Jenkins? "

" Yes, yes. Of course."

He looked past her in some annoyance. Walter Ogden was lounging in the doorway, observing him with a sardonic smile.

" Well, what do you want? " Jenkins demanded.

" Nothing special," Ogden said. " Just thought I'd stop in and watch the most successful sales manager in the hardware field in action."

Jenkins frowned. " You may go, Miss Marlowe."

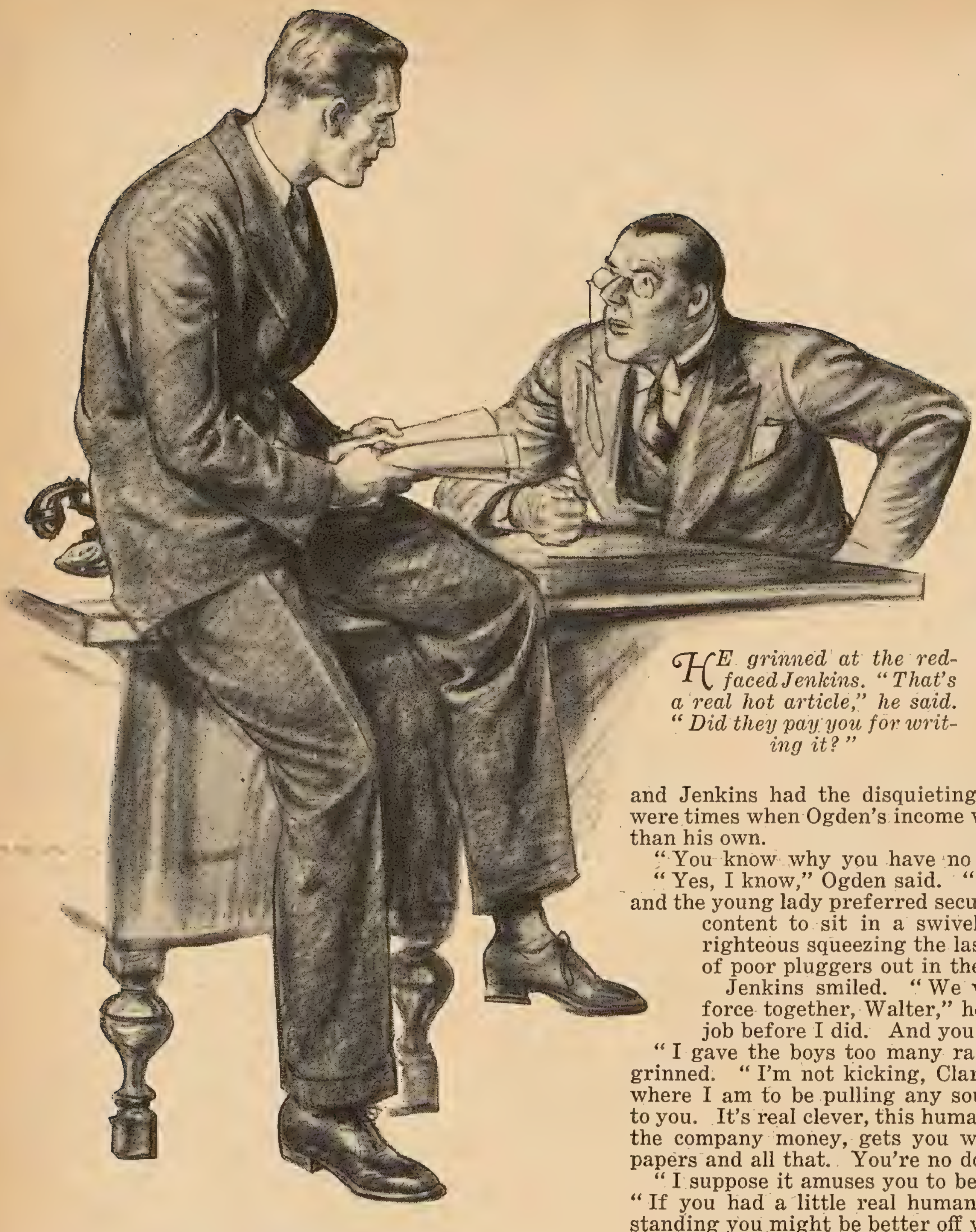
Ogden came in. He grinned pleasantly at Jenkins.

" The old applesauce, eh, Clarence? Sending Tilman's wife flowers. I suppose the poor guy wanted a raise and you soft-soaped him out of it. You might have gone better than two bucks on the flowers, though, Clarence. Especially since it goes on the swindle sheet anyway."

Jenkins drew himself up.

" It happens," he said, " that I am running this sales

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*HE grinned at the red-faced Jenkins. "That's a real hot article," he said. "Did they pay you for writing it?"*

SOFT SOAP
Continued from page seventeen

department. My job is to keep overhead down and sales up. When I need criticism I'll ask for it—and not from you."

"Who's criticizing?" Ogden asked. "I was only commenting—in open-mouthed admiration. Two bucks' worth of flowers to save fifteen a week on the department budget. Clever, I call it. You've got a racket here, Clarence."

"I don't like that word," Jenkins said.

"It's a good word," Ogden said. "And you've got a good racket. Every time one of the boys goes on the carpet, first thing he sees is his family plastered on the office wall of his benevolent boss.. The sales department is just one big happy family, eh, Clarence? You know all the wives by their first names. You drop in on them when you're out in the field and slip them the old glad hand. And pet the kiddies. Good old Uncle C. B.! Don't any of them ever resent it, Clarence?"

"If they do they don't stay on the force long," Jenkins snapped. "We work in harmony here."

"It's lucky I've no family, Clarence," Ogden said. "I'd probably smack you one on that fat chin of yours if you tried any fast ones like that on me."

Jenkins' red face got redder and his pince-nez trembled. But long ago he had discovered that his authority over this particular man was only nominal. Ogden was the company's star salesman, responsible only to the president. His volume, some months, was just about as large as that of the other fifty men combined. He had no regular territory. His job was closing the big buyers: manufacturers and contractors; municipal and state administrations; even upon occasion the national government.

HE was important enough so that the company was sending him all the way to the West Coast the following day on a single large order. By preference he worked on straight commission, and Jenkins had the disquieting knowledge that there were times when Ogden's income was considerably larger than his own.

"You know why you have no family," Jenkins said.

"Yes, I know," Ogden said. "Because I'm a plunger and the young lady preferred security. Because I wasn't content to sit in a swivel chair and grow self-righteous squeezing the last nickel out of a bunch of poor pluggers out in the field."

Jenkins smiled. "We were cubs on the sales force together, Walter," he said. "You had this job before I did. And you made a mess of it."

"I gave the boys too many raises," Ogden said. He grinned. "I'm not kicking, Clarence. I'm too well off where I am to be pulling any sour grapes. I'll hand it to you. It's real clever, this human-interest stuff. Saves the company money, gets you written up in the trade papers and all that. You're no dope."

"I suppose it amuses you to be cynical," Jenkins said. "If you had a little real human sympathy and understanding you might be better off yourself."

"Yeah," Ogden said. "Maybe I would be."

Jenkins cleared his throat. "Business is a many-sided proposition," he said. "This is a fact that we are sometimes inclined to forget, concentrating our thoughts on the particular phase of business with which we happen to be identified. Frequently we overlook entirely or give minor consideration to what is the most important side of business—namely, the human side."

"That sounds swell," Ogden said. "Go on."

"Walking along the streets of a strange city not long ago," Jenkins continued, "I noticed, cut in the solid granite of a magnificent new building erected by the Elks, these words: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' And I said to myself—"

Ogden had picked up a trade paper from the desk and opened it. As Jenkins paused he read from the page before him:

"'. . . And I said to myself, We are living in a better age. We have passed the time when the old slogan, "Business is business," was the watchword and have come to regard the words uttered by the lowly Nazarene—'"

He looked up and grinned at the red-faced Jenkins. "That's a real hot article," he said. "Did they pay you for writing it?"

"The pay was very little," Jenkins said stiffly. "I wrote it for the good that others might get from it."

"And to have your picture in print," Ogden suggested. He closed the magazine and laughed. "There are times when I think you really believe that you are a blooming altruist, Clarence."

"I believe in conducting business in a human, understanding way, if that's what you mean," Jenkins said.

"And it has made you a successful man."

Jenkins nodded. "The chief thinks so. I have managed to reduce salesman turnover a hundred per cent and to increase the net profits."

"And your salary is based on the department's earnings, eh, Clarence? Your altruism pays you nice dividends."

"The salesmen are better off, too," Jenkins said.

"Like Tilman, for example."

Jenkins cleared his throat irritably. "The human side of business," he began, "is more important—"

"I read the rest of the article, too," Ogden cut in. "So you really do take that bunk seriously!"

"Serious? Of course I'm serious."

"Then you're dumber than I thought," Ogden said. "And that's plenty dumb."

Jenkins sprang to his feet. His glasses fell off and he juggled them frantically for a moment.

"You get out of here!" he shouted. "Damn you! I've got work to do. I've got a good mind to—"

Ogden stared at him in frank dislike. "You've got a mind to what, you big pompous windbag?" he inquired.

"I'll report you to the chief! Interfering with an executive at his work!"

"Go ahead," Ogden said. He rose.

Jenkins slammed the door shut when he was gone.

C. B. JENKINS lived in Pelham. The commuting train dropped him off there promptly at five thirty-seven. But his car was not among the group in the station parking space. He waited for a few minutes and commenced to frown. It looked as though he would have to walk home. It was fully half a mile.

He had proceeded perhaps a block when Laura, a little breathless, drew up the car at the curb beside him.

"I'm dreadfully sorry to be late, Clarence," she began. "I was having tea at Mrs. Hopkinson's and—"

"Poor management," Jenkins said shortly.

"I'm sorry," she repeated, staring through the windshield.

He got in and they rode home in silence. He permitted her to run the car into the garage while he strode into the house. The first sound that greeted him was a practice exercise played on the piano. He slammed the front door.

"Junior!" he shouted. The piano stopped.

He went into the living room. His son turned on the piano stool to face the door. He was a pale boy of twelve, frail-looking. His thoughtful eyes were a little frightened.

"I was just practicing, daddy," he said.

"You should be through your practice by this time."

"I was," the boy said. "But Miss Condit said maybe I could play in the recital, so I practiced all afternoon."

"You ought to be out of doors with the other boys," Jenkins said. "You should be playing football or something instead of banging at that piano."

"I don't mind, daddy. I like to practice."

"I don't want people to think you're a sissy, son."

"But, daddy—"

"Stop blubbering!" Jenkins said sharply. "I've a mind to stop your music lessons right now!"

The boy started to cry. His mother came in and went to him immediately. She put her arms around him.

"There, there, dear," she said. "Go to your room now and get ready for dinner."

When he had gone, she turned to her husband.

"What a perfectly vile mood you're in!" she said. "Even worse than usual—if that's possible."

"What do you mean by that?"

She shrugged. "Perhaps we'd better get ready for dinner, too."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One • two • three

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If you want to keep your hair, get rid of dandruff. It is not only unsightly, but a real menace to the health of your scalp and hair. Ordinary dandruff responds quickly to the right kind of treatment. Once a week before your regular shampoo give your scalp a rousing treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Massage the Tonic thoroughly into the scalp. Don't rub, but press the head firmly with the finger tips and work round and round, until the scalp feels loose. This stimulates the circulation. Then for five minutes steam the head in towels that have been wrung out in hot water. This drives in the Tonic, intensifies its action, loosens encrusted dandruff. Follow with a thorough shampoo. Simple, isn't it? And the best thing you can do to overcome dandruff. Why not give it a trial?

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RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

SOFT SOAP
Continued from page nineteen

"I don't care for that remark of yours, Laura," Jenkins said with some dignity. "I'm tired, yes. I'm always tired after a hard day at the office. It isn't pleasant to come home tired out and find everything in an uproar."

"There wasn't any uproar till you got here," Laura said.

"Indeed? Where's Betsy Anne? I suppose we'll have to wait dinner while you clean her up."

He followed his wife upstairs, still grumbling. He went directly into his own room and closed the door.

In her boudoir Laura Jenkins sank wearily into a chair. The mirror of her dressing table was before her, and she peered into it with some curiosity. At thirty-five she was still good-looking. In a detached way she wondered how long it would be before the harassed look about her eyes would spread over her entire face.

*In next week's issue—*

Will Japan Try to Conquer the United States?

A military expert appraises our national defenses and stresses the danger of unpreparedness

By

**General William Mitchell**

Former Commander, Air Forces, A.E.F.

Also stories and articles by

Margaret Douglas Winn—Jackson V. Scholz—Corey Ford—Franklin D. Roosevelt—Jack Farrell—Margaret E. Sangster—Bert Green

When she returned to the living room, C. B. Jenkins was already there, poring over his newspaper.

"Clarence," she said, "there is just one thing about it. We have simply got to get away from here for a while. You are working too hard. We both need a change of scene."

"We can't get away. You know that perfectly well."

"Why not?"

"I've got a job to do," Jenkins said irritably.

"We had no vacation last summer, Clarence. You promised then—"

"I promised nothing. I said we'd take a trip if I could get away. Well, I can't with the way things are going."

"But why?"

He laid down his paper. "Do you happen to know," he said, "that there's a business depression? Salaries are being slashed right and left. Nearly everybody in the company has taken a cut."

"You haven't," she said. "You've done your work so well that they've even promised you a raise at New Year's."

"Well, we can't take the children out of school."

"Mrs. Henry will gladly look after them. I spoke to her today. We could run down to Bermuda—"

Jenkins' mouth tightened to a thin, straight line. "One moment, please," he said. "There are certain matters, Laura, which I think you would best leave to my judgment. At this time it is quite out of the question for us to go anywhere. The exact reasons are immaterial, although there are plenty of excellent ones."

Laura maintained her composure. "I'm not proposing this trip just to have a good time," she said. "We need it for the sake of our nerves. You are working under heavy pressure. You can't understand how the strain of it affects all of us."

FRANK O. HOUGH

*author of this story, who says his name is pronounced "Huff," in case anyone cares, has been writing fiction off and on for several years. Quit the advertising business six months ago to make it a full-time job. He is an A. E. F. veteran, thirty-two, married, and lives at Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.*

THERE was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. Jenkins resumed his newspaper with deliberate dignity.

"The children are coming," he said. "It would be wiser, I think, if we refrained from quarreling in front of them."

She did not reply.

After dinner Jenkins felt more amiable. But Laura paid no attention to him. He was obliged to resort again to the evening paper.

"Listen," he said, when she had finished putting the children to bed and returned perforce to the living room. "There is a matter I should like to discuss with you. I'm worried about Junior. He's getting to take his piano too seriously. Something should be done about it."

"You're not serious about giving up his music lessons?"

"It's time we thought about it. He's developing into a regular sissy."

"But he has real talent, Miss Condit says."

"What will that ever get him? Will it help him make a success in the world? It will not!"

"You don't understand," she said very quietly. "Junior loves his music. It has come to mean more to him than anything else in the world."

"Oh, I understand, all right," Jenkins said. "That's what worries me. I don't want a son of mine to grow up into one of those long-haired, anæmic birds you see around Greenwich Village."

"That may be all right from your point of view, Clarence," she said. "But don't you believe the boy should be allowed some freedom in following his own natural bent?"

Jenkins shook his head. "Not at his age. We owe it to him to do what will be best for him in the long run. I'm going to put my foot down once and for all. No more music lessons!"

"But, Clarence, don't you understand—"

"IF I didn't understand people do you think I'd have made such a success in business?" He paused. "I've thought of just the thing for the boy—something to take the place of his music and be useful, too. I'm going to buy him a printing press."

"A what?"

"A printing press. One of those small ones they make for boys. He can print calling cards and things for the other boys and maybe print programs for the school entertainments. Regular little business of his own! He can sell the stuff—make some real pin money for himself. It will be fine training."

She looked at him. "Are you serious, Clarence?"

"Of course. It will be the making of the boy!"

"You mean," she said slowly, "that you would make a salesman of your boy at the age of twelve, rather than let him continue with the music that he loves? You'd deprive him of the little pleasure and beauty he can get in his childhood so that he can grow up to be a successful business man?"

Her tone puzzled him. "Why, yes. What will his music ever get him?"

She did not answer.

"What are you staring at me for?" he demanded.

She laughed a little hysterically. "A fine, successful man like his father!"

"There's no need to be sarcastic, Laura," Jenkins said. "My success has given you a fine home, hasn't it? And security?"

"Security!" Her voice broke and she paused. "For my children," she said slowly, "I want something more than just what you call security."

Before he could say anything the telephone bell rang. After a few words she turned with her hand over the transmitter.

"It's Walter Ogden," she said. "He is leaving tomorrow for the West Coast. He wants to stop in and say good-by."

Jenkins sprang to his feet.

"No!" he shouted. "That damned wise guy! If he has anything to say, he can say it to me in the morning."

"It is I whom he is coming to see," Laura said very quietly.

"He's not coming to see anybody!" Jenkins said.

She looked at him. "Walter Ogden is a very old friend," she said.

"He's no friend of mine," Jenkins said. A frown gathered on his face. "He's no good. Incompetent to hold a job as anything but a salesman. But he thinks he knows it all! I won't have him in my house!"

"Are you telling me now whom I shall have for friends?" she asked.

"You had a chance to marry Ogden," Jenkins said. "That was fifteen years ago. You turned him down with your eyes wide open. You made your choice."

She smiled faintly, with an expression he had never noticed before. "Yes, I made my choice."

She turned to the telephone and said a few words; then she hung up. Jenkins resumed his seat and mopped the sudden perspiration from his bulging forehead.

"That's a wise girl, Laura," he said. "You can depend on my judgment in matters like this. Now, about that trip we were discussing. There's just a chance that I'll be able to get away in the spring. That's not a promise, of course, but perhaps—" He broke off. Laura had walked out of the room without looking at him.

Jenkins had breakfast alone in the morning. His wife, the maid told him, had driven the children to school early. He walked to the station, grumbling.

He had a busy day at the office. Several of the out-of-town salesmen were in, and there were more salaries to be cut. He was working in his best manner today. It was four o'clock when he back-patted the last salesman toward his office door.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for the world, Herman," he declared. "You know that. We're all in the same boat. Well, give my best to the wife and kiddies."

"Thanks, C. B.; I will," the salesman said. He glanced at the large photograph in a standing frame on his boss' desk. "That's a fine little family you have yourself."

Jenkins beamed. "Finest wife and kids in the world!" he declared. "Guess we all feel that way—eh, Herman?"

The telephone rang as the salesman closed the door.

"Hello, soft soap," Walter Ogden's voice said affably. "How's the human sympathy and understanding today?"

"Don't be a clown all your life!" Jenkins snapped.

"Listen," Ogden said. "I'm at Grand Central Station. In case you have anything to say to me, you'd better hike over quick. My train leaves in half an hour."

"What would I have to say to you?" Jenkins demanded.

"Well," Ogden said, "I thought I might give you material for another trade-paper article on the Human Side of Business." He paused. "You see, Clarence, I just saw Laura and the kids off for a nice long vacation. They were on a train going west."

Jenkins gasped. "What?"

"You heard me," Ogden said. "They're going to spend a few months at Reno. Listen, you big stuffed shirt. Do you know why married women go to Reno?"

THE END

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is a spinnaker?
2—Which extends farther north, Sweden or Finland?
3—To what island group does Borneo belong?
4—What was the ancient name of Istanbul (Constantinople)?
5—What is the birth stone for June?
6—In what year did the Pilgrims land in this country?
7—What is the source of "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"?
8—What is the common name for capsicum?
9—What is ossification?
10—Who wrote the first five books of the Bible?
11—What is the inner layer of the skin called?
12—What is the national emblem of Scotland?
13—What is a monochrome?
14—What is a matriarch?
15—What is thralldom?
16—What is a lotus-eater?
17—What are literati?
18—What do the initials U. S. S. R. stand for?
19—What is a detergent?
20—What is a peruke?

*(Answers will be found on page forty-two)*

"I'm over 30" says AILEEN PRINGLE

*Birthdays cannot steal her beauty*

LOOKING at this recent photograph you will agree that Aileen Pringle knows the secret of *keeping* youthful allure! Never was this lovely screen star more popular than now!

"I'm over 30," she says. "But I don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman needs to fear birthdays if she knows how to care for her appearance."

What is the secret this screen star knows? How does she protect her glamorous loveliness?

"Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep youthful charm," Aileen Pringle continues. "And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary.

"For years now I, myself, have used Lux Toilet Soap. And I think my complexion is actually younger looking than it was years ago."

The lovely Aileen Pringle is only one of countless famous screen and stage stars who use this safe, gentle complexion care.

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. All the big film studios have designated this fragrant white soap as their official soap. It is such a favorite on Broadway that it is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theatres all over the country.

Its unrivaled whiteness will delight you. Get several cakes today!

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

# Is HOLLYW
# *Against than*

SO BIG
SUSAN LENOX
TOM SAWYE

### *A Digest of the Motion-Picture Industry's Answers to Theodore Dreiser's Charges that Art Is Being Debauched in the Movies*

(*Reading time: 17 minutes 40 seconds.*)

ARE moving pictures growing better or worse?

Is it true that commercialism is ruining the one form of entertainment in which most Americans are interested?

Are the best Hollywood stars forced to play silly rôles in shoddy plays?

Are great stories ruined because of a false and ignorant conception of "what the public wants"?

Are European pictures of higher quality than American?

Here are questions of first-rate importance to millions of Americans. In personal interest, such matters surpass the antics of Congress, the latest underworld atrocities, or the hopes for world peace. The facts about Hollywood are more vital to a realistic United States than the unreachable truth about health, economics, or immortality.

Therefore, when these questions were raised in last week's Liberty by such an eminent critic as Theodore Dreiser, there was, in the world of moving pictures, an instantaneous lifting of eyebrows. The distinguished author of An American Tragedy spoke forth courageously on what he felt were the real sins of Hollywood. As this novelist saw the situation, art was being choked to death by autocratic commercialism. The films were being ruined by business men. No attempt was being made to produce truly artistic pictures.

Among the leaders of the moving-picture business there were a few who agreed with the novelist. Some dismissed him as unimportant; but others, more thoughtful, declared he was both right and wrong.

dmitting that much of the censure was sound, these earnest men—they have to be earnest about it, for they have millions of dollars invested in a guesswork industry—argued that Dreiser was sometimes wrong in his facts, and frequently did not understand the conditions with which he dealt.

The most startling of his several charges, and the one in which the public would feel the most instant concern, was his accusation about the stars. Here, evidently, Theodore Dreiser wrote with deep conviction. Said the novelist:

"My contention is that actors and actresses like Valentino, Garbo, and Dietrich, or any others sufficiently gifted to present the higher art forms, should be reserved by the moving-picture industry—some Central Board of Art Criticism, let us say—for at least one superior production a year. Such players as these, having strong emotions, deep artistic understanding, and personality, might do wonders toward lifting motion pictures above their present level. Thus, and obviously, Marlene Dietrich could play Thaïs. Who can doubt that Greta Garbo would shine in Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights?"

The immediate retort of the moving-picture spokesmen is that Greta Garbo is doing excellently well, thank you, in her latest all-star vehicle of Grand Hotel. But that is too pat and sleek an answer to refute Mr. Dreiser's contention. It is fairer to argue that, without any Central Board of Art Criticism, Greta Garbo was discovered and developed under the scheme of things as they are. More, her popularity was not synthetic, the result of ballyhoo. She became a star because the public liked her. And, so insist the cinema wise men, the public always confers stardom. The manufactured star seldom endures. The popularity of Clark Gable is an example of how the people will single out their favorites, to the surprise and sometimes to the confusion of the executives.

Marlene Dietrich? Here the cinema wise men throw

## Did You Consider These

THEODORE DREISER calls upon the movies to portray recognized masterpieces of literature.

Hollywood's answer is that they are constantly producing great pictures based on works of modern and current literature.

Asked to name them, the composite choice of leading producers resulted in the following list of the more recent of such pictures:

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, based on the novel by Theodore Dreiser

ARROWSMITH, based on the book by Sinclair Lewis

CIMARRON, based on the novel by Edna Ferber

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, based on the novel by Mark Twain

FATHER'S SON, based on the novel by Booth Tarkington

# OOD *More Sinned* SINNING?

### By FULTON OURSLER

## Pictures Great Pictures?

- The Guardsman, based on the play by Ferenc Molnar
- The Man I Killed (Broken Lullaby), based on the play by M. Rostand
- The Man Who Played God, based on a story by Gouverneur Morris
- Merely Mary Ann, based on the play by Israel Zangwill
- Penrod and Sam, based on the novel by Booth Tarkington
- Resurrection, based on the novel by Leo Tolstoy
- Seed, based on the novel by Charles G. Norris
- So Big, based on the novel by Edna Ferber
- Susan Lenox, based on the book by David Graham Phillips
- Tom Sawyer, based on the novel by Mark Twain

hands and eyes to heaven. Marlene and her director walked out and then walked back again. They sulked because a scenario of their own making was not accepted.

"What," demanded one indignant veteran of the celluloid era, "would Mr. Dreiser say if Marlene declined to play Thaïs? Suppose Marlene even turned thumbs down upon the dramatic efforts of such a distinguished creative artist as Mr. Dreiser himself? Suppose she insisted on appearing in her own story, instead of one chosen by 'some Central Board of Art Criticism'?"

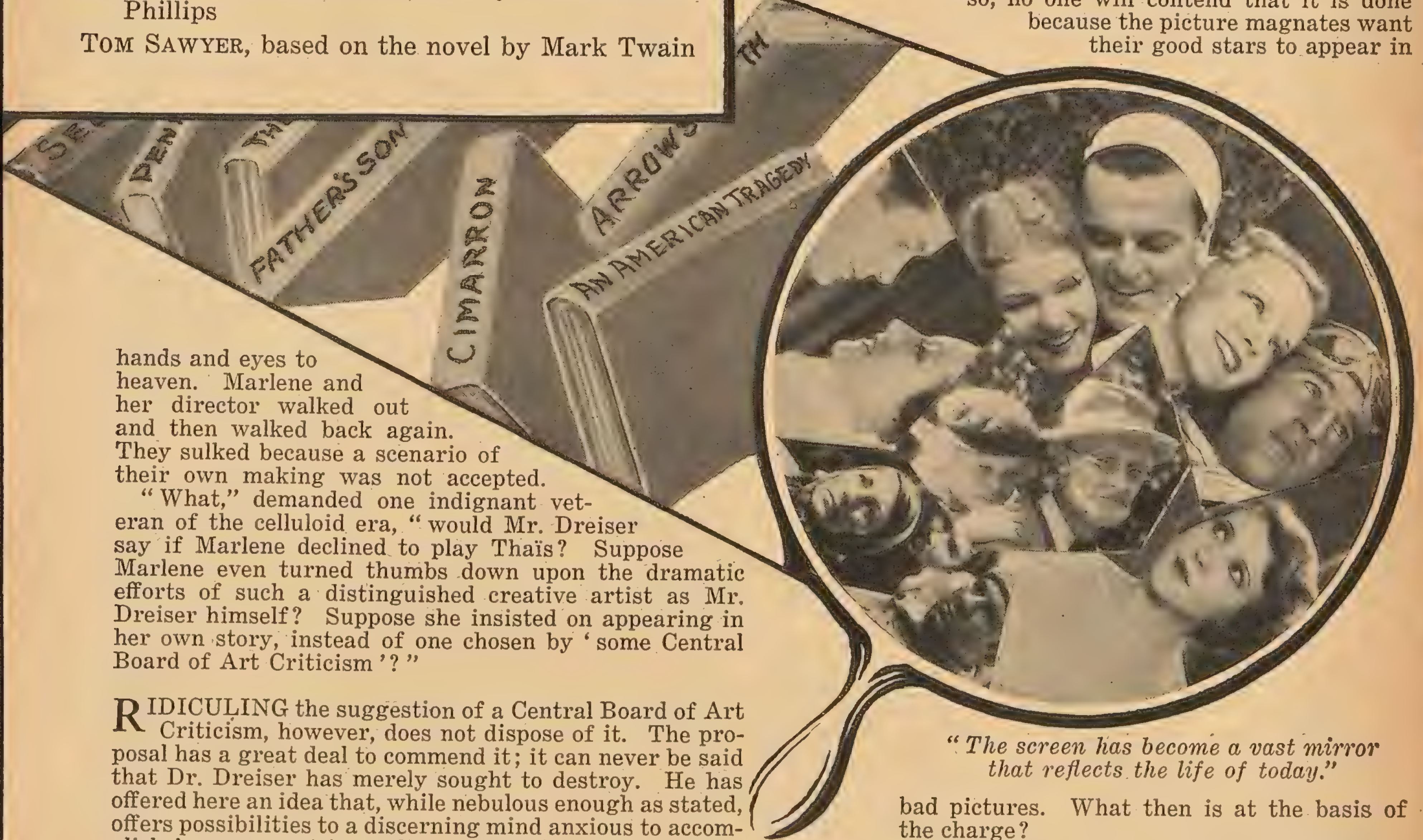
RIDICULING the suggestion of a Central Board of Art Criticism, however, does not dispose of it. The proposal has a great deal to commend it; it can never be said that Dr. Dreiser has merely sought to destroy. He has offered here an idea that, while nebulous enough as stated, offers possibilities to a discerning mind anxious to accomplish improvement in quality that will at the same time improve box-office receipts.

But the case of Marlene Dietrich does serve as an example against one of Mr. Dreiser's points. It is his feeling that writers, directors, and players are squelched by ignorant business men who have the power to say what shall be done. His remedy is to give the writers, directors, and players more power. Here he invokes the whirlwind.

It would be much better for everyone concerned if the writers stuck to their writing, the players to their acting, and the director confined himself to getting the best results out of scenario and cast. The best evidence shows conclusively that too many cooks are spoiling the broth in Hollywood. There are too many boards, too many story conferences; and one way to get better results is to abolish forever all meetings of best minds.

And here it is also clear that what is needed more and more is a new type of executive now arising in Hollywood—one who shall be the governing force from the time a story is selected until it is exhibited; one who shall give direction to author, player, and director. Such men will make mistakes, but no greater than the composite blunders now frequently released on fifteen thousand screens. Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is regarded as the first of a new type of motion-picture executive.

Yet none of this answers the question whether good stars are being cast in poor plays. If this be so, no one will contend that it is done because the picture magnates want their good stars to appear in bad pictures. What then is at the basis of the charge?



*"The screen has become a vast mirror that reflects the life of today."*

Of course, no one in Hollywood or on the East Coast denies that Dreiser is right when he says that bad stories are made. And certainly some of them were good stories when they were purchased; they were not only changed in the studio, they were cheapened and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## IS HOLLYWOOD MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING?

Continued from page twenty-three

debased. But this was due to sheer ineptitude. Such failures are apparent not only in moving pictures but everywhere. We have imperfect plays, books, politicians, ministers of the gospel, and sirloin steaks. Not all pictures are poor, nor are all first-rate authors dissatisfied. Sinclair Lewis was delighted with the screen production of Arrowsmith. He told Samuel Goldwyn, who filmed it, that the film carried out everything he had tried to do in the novel. This is not small praise. And the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature may well stand for other novelists and playwrights who have felt their work was well presented on the screen.

Irving Chidnoff photo

*"We must," says Will H. Hays, "give the public entertainment which interests a sustaining majority of the people." Mr. Hays is president of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.*

On the other hand, Dreiser's charge is true, certainly, that the Hollywood idea is to entertain the millions rather than the few. On this point the leaders of the industry take valiantly the affirmative side. Let Carl Laemmle speak for many of his brethren. Mr. Laemmle is president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, a pioneer in his field. Said Mr. Laemmle:

"The one charge that the motion-picture industry can meet with equanimity is the charge that we are trying to make pictures acceptable to the entertainment requirements of the millions rather than to the few. That is the glory of the screen. That is its opportunity and there lies its true service!

"We have no apologies to make for aiming at entertainment standards acceptable to the vast majority of the men, women, and children of the nation. We have no apologies to make for rendering a service to the millions rather than the gilded few. We have no apologies to make for trying to run our business on a profitable business basis.

"Does that 'spell the death of art'?—quoting from Mr. Dreiser's charges. Not to the artist who would command a universal public. Does that mean a dead level of entertainment service? Glance at the variety offered on the screen—from slapstick to opera, from thrillers to Theatre Guild productions. Producers as often have overshot as undershot the mark of popular entertainment.

"There will always be competition to blaze new trails of entertainment appeal."

But this does not mean that the box office is to be the sole basis of judgment. Not at all. Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, makes this perfectly clear.

"THE motion-picture industry not only has an artistic but a social problem to meet," says Mr. Hays. "In the problem of art for the artist, or art for the people, only one decision is possible for the popular screen. It is the larger public, not the smaller public, that must be the primary consideration in any universal medium of information, entertainment, or even of education. The screen as a whole can never desert mass for class.

"Look at it as you will, the one thing that the screen must have to live, progress, and prosper—is an audience. The one thing that it can't afford to do, either by aiming too high or too low, is to let its audience walk out on it. Ours is not an endowed institution. We cannot disregard practicalities and survive.

"Does this mean the death throes of art on the screen? Not at all. As long as a hope of reward will animate those who strike out successfully in new pathways of entertainment, progress will continue. Certain irreducible production and operating costs make it imperative for the screen to occupy the broader, not the narrower areas of entertainment. It cannot become a forum, an academy, or a soap box, and continue to command universal attendance. But the screen can progress, and has progressed, year after year, toward a higher common denominator of entertainment appeal.

"The screen has become a vast mirror that reflects the life of today. Its significance as an art medium—a popular and universal art medium—is dependent entirely upon the extent to which higher standards of production are met by higher standards of public acceptance. It is a lack of popular entertainment quality, not of high artistic quality, that accounts for many notable failures in screen production. Enterprise? The road to screen progress is covered with the bleached bones of feature productions acclaimed by critics but unsupported by the box office. The more ghastly failures are of artistic productions too far in advance of general public acceptance.

"That is why for a period of more than ten years the organized motion-picture industry has cleaved to a two-fold educational policy. It may be designated, first, as improving the quality of supply; and second, improving the quality of demand. The two operations are interdependent. Neither is dispensable.

"The box office may deliver the final verdict on our product, but we cannot permit the box office entirely to determine the character of productions. The box office can only say 'Yes' and 'No.' We cannot disregard it and survive. *We must give the public entertainment which interests a sustaining majority of the people.* But the box office gives us no conclusive measure of the opportunity for better pictures. That must be determined by enterprise, courage, and faith."

NOW, all this is not to say that from my own point of view Mr. Dreiser went askew in his thinking when he insisted that stories are changed. They are frequently changed—and for the worse. A young woman novelist recently sold to the movies the rights to one of her successful books. For it she received what is sometimes called a "good round sum." A few months later a studio executive came to her house for tea. He looked haggard. "Keep away from our studio," he implored his hostess. "They go and buy your wonderful book. Now they are proceeding to ruin it. You will be terribly disappointed." The novelist looked downcast. "But what are they doing to it?" she gasped. "Oh!" cried the man from the studio, "they are killing the story—they are letting themselves be influenced by the book."

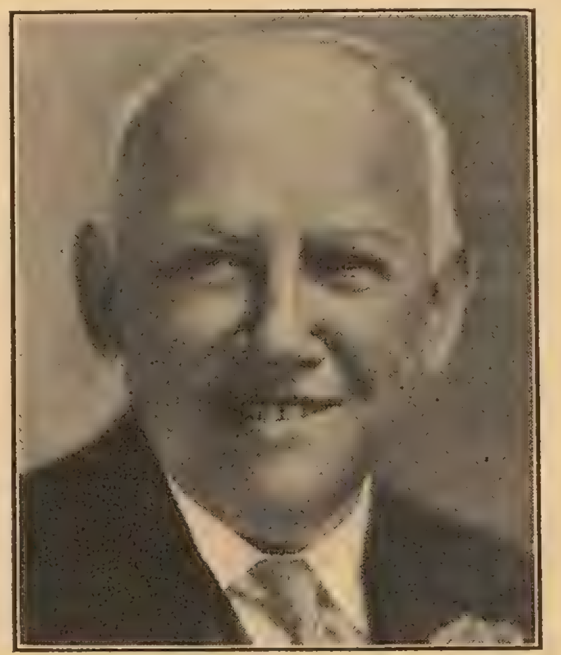
Such abuses do abound. Famous titles are purchased, and original plots are changed. Sometimes the title goes, too. Movie people say there are good reasons for many of these changes. A title may be good enough for the small public to which the book appeals; it may not be good enough for the larger public reached by the screen version. Then there are star values to consider. A title of a book may indicate a woman as the main character, whereas in the film a famous male lead is featured. But the folly of indiscriminate title changes is becoming more and more apparent.

There will come a time when Trilby will be shown as Trilby, not as Svengali, the Hypnotist, in order to feature John Barrymore; and with the original incomparable story unmutilated. In the past, famous male stars of the legitimate theater have played Svengali without the necessity of changing the title of the play in order to feature the star. If Du Maurier, the author of Trilby, were alive today, he would certainly be offered a contract in some studio. And he would certainly object to changing the story of Trilby in the way it was changed quite recently. But Du Maurier is dead. Meanwhile, there are indications that a more sensible régime is on the way.

Mr. Dreiser cannot consistently blame the producers for the absurdities forced upon them by censorship. They did not want censorship, although they are in part responsible for its dead hand now fastened on all they do.

Censorship imposing infantile standards because, forsooth, the minds of little children should not be corrupted. But that is sheer nonsense and tommyrot. No one wishes to corrupt the minds of little children. What Dreiser is asking for is adult entertainment. So is a large part of America. There is still carbolic acid sold in the drug stores, and still matches in the house; both are forbidden to children. But we do not abolish acid or matches to save the children. We protect them by sensible safeguards. Why not fine pictures to which only adults are admitted? Perhaps the profits would be less. Perhaps not.

It is quite evident that entertainment as a word is used too loosely by the movie protagonists. It is surely possible to produce adult pictures on a paying basis. Granted, the road to that objective is a long one. But somebody ought to be doing something about it. It is a route direct to the masterpieces for which Mr. Dreiser, with almost naïve sincerity and justice, is dreaming.



*"We have no apologies to make for rendering a service to the millions rather than the few," says Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures Corporation, answering Theodore Dreiser's charges.*

Hollywood will retort that it has produced great pictures—pictures with preëminent appeal as adult entertainment. Elsewhere in these pages is reproduced a list of cinematic works which, in the opinion of eminent minds in the moving-picture world, are fine and worthy things. It will be interesting to see how far the readers of Liberty agree with their estimate. Certainly many of them are deserving of the highest praise. Again, producers, in replying to Dreiser, take pride in the fact that many of the best writers have been represented in their productions. Magic names are quoted—Conrad, Barrie, Melville, Stevenson, Poe. But this is a poor argument. What was done to Edgar Allan Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue is a subject that cannot be discussed temperately. They just made mincemeat out of it.

As against these, however, contrast the good pictures in that list. Consider other recent productions which have given enjoyable entertainment and have been held to a level above the ordinary. There was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hit, The Champ, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. In this picture there was craft, intelligence, and a sure sense of dramatic interest from beginning to end. Many temptations to be cheap in sentiment were firmly avoided. Whoever worked on The Champ knew his job. The recent new Paramount comedy, This Is the Night, is another example of an advance in quality.

FROM a broad view, I believe Mr. Dreiser is needlessly alarmed about Hollywood destroying art. Art cannot be destroyed. The fact is, there are people in movies who do want a better quality. But, as Will Hays said, they cannot outrun the demand. One of the things to be done is to improve the quality of the demand. Another is to convince the movie people that the demand has already improved. A country that can take The Good Earth to its bosom can give a welcome also to good pictures.

What many felt was Mr. Dreiser's real peeve against the pictures was his famous suit against the producers of An American Tragedy. Feeling that the picture did not fairly represent his novel, Mr. Dreiser sued to prevent the exhibition of the film. In his Liberty article Mr. Dreiser pointed to the fact that the judge had ruled:

"The producer *must* give consideration to the fact that the great majority of the people composing the audience before which the picture will be presented, will be more interested that justice prevail over wrongdoing than that the inevitability of Clyde's end clearly appear."

That, Dreiser felt, spelled the end of art. But the moving-picture interests say the real decision rests elsewhere. The real basis of the court opinion against Mr. Dreiser, from the Hollywood point of view, is contained in the following statement by Supreme Court Justice Graham Witschief of New York:

"The plaintiff has submitted the opinion of critics that the picture reproduced the letter of the book, but fails to represent its psychological and social implications and therefore misrepresents the book.

"The defendant has submitted the opinions of an impressive list of critics, who find that the picture is a true representation of the letter and spirit of the book.

"Under these circumstances, it is clear that no injunction should be granted."

Of course, here again the truth lies somewhere in between. Dreiser was properly disturbed if he felt that a false emphasis had been given his theme. He was honest in wanting his point of view clearly expressed. The absurd part of An American Tragedy is that, with a little more cleverness in the making of the scenario, both the box office and Mr. Dreiser could have been equally satisfied. It was just a matter of working to a common end.

Finally, Mr. Dreiser declared that foreign moving pictures were often superior to the American. This was a charge that was quite generally resented. Eminent testimony was promptly produced to answer this accusation. The first to be quoted was Paul Claudel, French ambassador to the United States, and a poet in his own right. At a luncheon of the Franco-American Society of New York, held in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, M. Claudel said the American pictures were one reason for a "special treaty of friendship between the two countries. Your movies and talkies," added M. Claudel, "have soaked the Frenchman in American life, method, and manners."

OF course, Mr. Dreiser might raise his eyebrows at that. But here are some quotations from abroad to which the movies point with pride:

From Sunday Times, London, April 10, 1932: "To feel all the good will in the world and yet not be able to find an honest word of praise—that is the embarrassing position in which the British critic of British films is often placed."

Emil Jannings, German producer and star: "The language of Hollywood is becoming the language of the world. America rules eleven-twelfths of the film world, because even in Europe the world is tired of overacting."

And Le Courrier Cinematographique (the organ of the French motion-picture industry) conducted a questionnaire to discover the position of French exhibitors toward restricting American motion pictures by means of the quota system. Of the 841 replies received by that journal, 805 were against a quota and 36 in favor of it. A Nice exhibitor stated that if there were no American films he would be forced to close down.

Because of his article in Liberty there were said many unkind things about Mr. Dreiser. But it is beside the point to call him names; to blame his feelings on a grudge, or to say that he does not know what he is talking about. His criticisms should be respected and taken seriously. One of his detractors had this to say:

"Dreiser has attacked many industries. He has always welcomed the limelight. He has drawn a chalk line between business and art. And he had dared anyone to cross that line and knock a chip off his shoulder. But will he stay on his own side of the line? Not Mr. Dreiser! He gambols all over the lot. He has berated the mine owner for the way he runs the mines. He has abused the railway people for the way they run the railroads."

The truth is that Dreiser has tried to point the way to better moving pictures. With this object all Hollywood must join. There is a moth-eaten old palindrome that reads:

"No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition."

The thing reads the same way, backward and forward. Try it and see. Perhaps the moral is there!

THE END

# Mosquitoes *Don't Bite* Each Other

### *The Story of a Young Man Who Made a Mistake and a Girl Who Benefited by It*

### By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

*(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)*

HE met the girl in a swamp, where he was cast away in the bullrushes and she was out gathering mosquitoes for her father.

A tall, sandy-haired young man, dressed in some clothes that looked as though they had once belonged to a water buffalo. As he waded through the muck he was making passes and gestures, and saying things about nature that would have shocked a naturalist.

Aureolas of mosquitoes hovered about him, singing at their work.

The girl gaped at him, as indeed she might. "What happened to you?" she marveled.

"My motor boat got stuck on a mud bar. I figured that if I had a pole I could pole her off. Nothing to that but to swim ashore and get one. Look. In my new flannel suit."

"And you didn't find your pole," she commiserated.

"I found a dandy pole. But the tide was on the up and up. When I got back the boat didn't need to be poled off. I don't know where she is by now.

"But then," he said, and slapped resoundingly at the back of his neck, "how would I know whether to play a tide for a bull or a bear? I'm Gregory Larch, the eminent landsman."

She was a small girl. And what there was of her was almost hidden by a pair of clam-digger's boots and an aviator's rompers and some beekeeper's elbow gloves, and the Ancient Mariner's sou'wester hat. But she was one of those natural forms of life that just won't be subdued or kept under by anything that you can do about it.

Her rose-bloom face was visible, and her velvet-frayed eye winkers, and a pair of eyes that would have been the drowsy purple-blue of pansy beds if they hadn't been so wide awake. And then her nose—a cocky and impertinent nose. It would have been an abomination on a spoiled brat of a boy; but on a girl—on this especial girl—you could forgive it a thousand times over. You could even call it cute.

name," she said, "is Ursula Sands, and I'm out mosquitoes for my father."

He went on staring at her, recalling that people usually go goofy from swamps. She must be that way, or else he was; it seemed about a toss-up.

"A likely place for them, don't you think?" he said.

Ursula Sands carried two bucketsful of scummy water. "See all the wrigglers I've caught," she said. "They're *Culex pipiens,* and they'll soon grow up to be common pests."

"Lucky little devils," he said.

"What's so lucky?" she asked.

"Well, for one thing," he stated, "mosquitoes don't bite each other."

"No?"

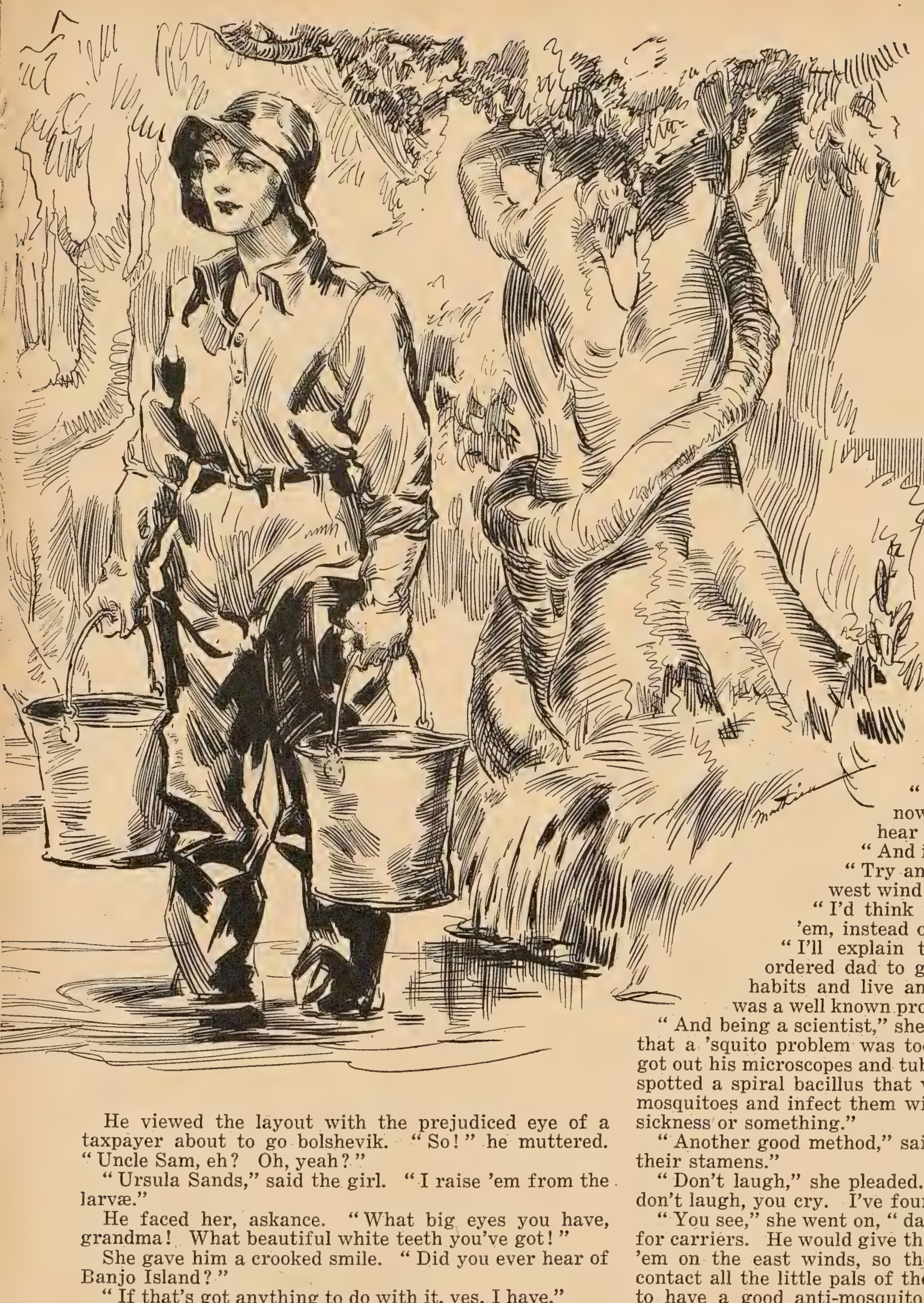
"They're not like people that way. Say I'm a *Culex pipiens* and you're a *Culex pip.* We get to feeling a little bloodthirsty, eh? But do we even look cross-eyed at each other? We do not. We just say, 'Come on, let's go find a guy with his neck out.'"

"I was going to tell you," said Miss Sands. "I've got a boat in the next bayou. Take you with me?"

She led the way through a clump of cat-tails, and they came to a cleared spot in the sedges, where there was a row of cooplike structures made of scantlings and fine copper screening. A pole with a crosspiece was stuck in the mud, and on it a stenciled placard which said:

U. S. MOSQUITO HATCHERY

Gregory Larch saw that the cages were black with insect life. Millions. Lean and sharp-nozzled and flat-stomached—all singing the Marseillaise.



*"MY name," she said, "is Ursula Sands, and I'm gathering mosquitoes for my father." He went on staring, recalling that people usually go goofy in swamps.*

*Pictures by*
HUBERT MATHIEU

He viewed the layout with the prejudiced eye of a taxpayer about to go bolshevik. "So!" he muttered. "Uncle Sam, eh? Oh, yeah?"

"Ursula Sands," said the girl. "I raise 'em from the larvæ."

He faced her, askance. "What big eyes you have, grandma! What beautiful white teeth you've got!"

She gave him a crooked smile. "Did you ever hear of Banjo Island?"

"If that's got anything to do with it, yes, I have."

"It has plenty to do with it."

"To tell the truth," he said, "I had a notion that I might try to buy Banjo Island."

Her heavy eyelashes flickered. "You were going to what?"

"Not I, exactly," he hedged, "but a syndicate that I represent. I was on my way there when I lost my boat."

"Wouldn't that be the breaks we'd get!" the girl declared ruefully. "Our angel gets marooned in this pesthole!

"My dad," she added, "owns Banjo Island."

"Wait a minute," said Larch. "You're Ursula, and he's— So he's your father. Urban Sands."

"We bought the island early last winter. Built a cute little stucco inn. Arranged with the up and down boats to leave and take guests. Until spring came it was just heavenly."

"And then," he said, "the mosquitoes unhibernated."

"There's an east wind today," she pointed out. "If you were at Banjo Inn now you wouldn't see nor hear a mosquito."

"And if the wind hauled west?"

"Try and fool you, mister! On a west wind they all come over."

"I'd think you'd try to exterminate 'em, instead of starting up an apiary."

"I'll explain that. Before the doctor ordered dad to get away from his indoor habits and live among the sea breezes, he was a well known professor of biology.

"And being a scientist," she pursued grimly, "he felt that a 'squito problem was too silly for words. So he got out his microscopes and tubes and cultures. He soon spotted a spiral bacillus that would propagate on adult mosquitoes and infect them with a disease like sleeping sickness or something."

"Another good method," said Larch, "is to file down their stamens."

"Don't laugh," she pleaded. "Or—yes—do. If you don't laugh, you cry. I've found that out.

"You see," she went on, "dad hoped to use a lot of 'em for carriers. He would give them this sickness and loose 'em on the east winds, so they'd blow back here and contact all the little pals of the proboscis. He expected to have a good anti-mosquito pestilence started in no time."

"Do you know something?" Larch inquired. "The ones that bite you are the sopranos."

"You can't catch enough wild ones to experiment with," said the girl. "The thing to do is to incubate 'em yourself."

Larch was using his hands all the time like a shadow boxer. "Brutal as it sounds," he said, "I'd just like to see one get real sick."

"They don't," she returned discouragedly. "The scheme was a flop. But dad has the scientific viewpoint: if one kind of germ doesn't work, try another."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This pipe broke up two families

THOUGH Mrs. Jones likes pipe smokers, she made her husband toss that blast furnace into the briny. And that temporarily broke up the Codfish family.

Now, both families are reunited, the Codfishes far from the smouldering inferno, and the Joneses by means of a fine pipe with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco.

Jones finds it milder, and yet rich with the fine flavor of rare Kentucky Burleys. He says Sir Walter in a well-kept pipe will actually keep families together. There must be a lot in what he says. Thousands regularly invest fifteen cents at their tobacco stores for tins of this popular tobacco.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L26

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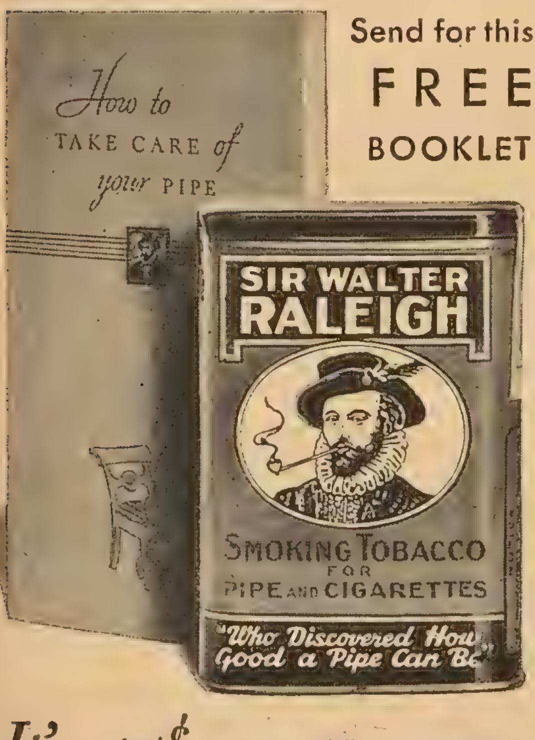
How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

MOSQUITOES DON'T BITE EACH OTHER
Continued from page twenty-seven

She heaved her breath resignedly. “Well, I'll be taking him a fresh lot to practice on.”

Larch watched, rasping his ankles together.

The girl had brought a leather suitcase with a trapdoor cut at one end. She unfastened the bag and dropped into it a slice of honeydew melon.

“Mosquitoes, as you know,” she remarked, “are phytophagous.”

“I know,” he said. “What fun!”

She closed the suitcase and placed the end door flush against a sliding vent in one of the screened cages. It sounded as though a steam cock had been opened. There was a swirl and a rush, and the mosquitoes disappeared from the cage as completely as though she had used a vacuum cleaner.

The girl buttoned down the flap in the suitcase. “And there you have 'em. This batch has never yet eaten anything.”

He relieved her of the bag and gingerly hefted it. “They do feel empty and light-headed, don't they?”

Miss Sands had started off down a wet path, and let nobody think he didn't go with her.

An old flat-bottomed scow with a rusty flivver engine was grounded at the water's edge. The girl started her up, while Larch kicked the boat off the mud flat.

“Another way to roust the mosquitoes,” he told her, “is to trench and drain the damp places. Then you load some airplanes with crude oil and fly 'em up and down like sprinkling carts.”

She dismissed the idea with a shake of her head. “It would cost thousands of dollars. And where would we get thousands of dollars?”

They were working their way down a twisting channel between sedge hummocks and grassy swales. Presently they scraped the last of the black, oozy flats, and there in the offing lay Banjo Island.

A LONG oval of white beach, with a jungle of trees at one end, green meadows at the other, and a lively sweep of blue tidal water rippling around it. Idyllic? You could almost see a hairy fellow in goatskins leaping happily because there wasn't a single footprint in the sand.

It was only about a mile's run, and they landed in a cove, where a wooden pier jutted its length to the deeper water. There was a steep hill to be climbed, and then Larch caught his first glimpse of Banjo Inn.

Pink stucco and blue tile; grass-checkered flagstones and a flowery patio; tables on a terrace and wicker chairs with fat, candy-striped cushions; goldfish in a rock pool and a live peacock on the lawn; casement windows looking into cool, dim interiors: here was a college professor's daughter's amateurish idea of what an inn should be; and she probably was nine-tenths right.

The girl went into the main lodge and yoo-hooed for her father. “We haven't had a guest,” she said, “since the last time the wind fetched west.”

“What do we do with the suitcase?” Larch asked.

“Park it anywhere. Our porter has left us, and everybody else except the cook and one puncture-proof waiter.”

Just then a blue-painted door opened, and in came a man in house slippers and a laboratory smock. He had a squat, rollicking figure and the confiding, beaming eyes of the very rhapsodist who would believe you could sick sick mosquitoes on one another.

“My dear!” he cried, without noticing the stranger. “There are some multimillionaires arriving in a yacht. They may buy Banjo Island.”

“Uh-uh,” said the girl. “Believe it or not.”

“I shall ask a hundred and twenty-five thousand,” enthused the man. “And then come down to a hundred—and then ninety—”

“Whoa!” she headed him off. “This is Mr. Larch, father. He thought he might buy the place himself.”

PROFESSOR SANDS—for it was he—turned in confusion.

“Don't mind me, sir,” said Larch. “What would I know about running an inn?”

“But, my dear fellow—there are other opportunities—innumerable.”

“Forget it, dad.” Miss Sands laid her hands on her father to push him out of the room. “Mr. Larch came from the swamp. So you may as well save your sales talk for the multimillionaires. When'll they be here?”

“The noon boat brought their message. They should arrive soon.”

“You've missed the five-o'clock boat,” the girl told Larch. “You'll have to stay overnight.”

Her eye roved up and down his lanky figure. “You can picture what you'd look like in father's clothes. But wait!”

From an entryway closet she brought forth a suit of blue-denim dungarees. “The porter left these behind, but you could wear 'em until your flannels dry out.”

She showed him the way to an upstairs room, with shower attached, and after he had cleaned up and dressed himself in the porter's cast-offs, including a pair of square-toed brogues, he felt more wholesome, at any rate. Ursula Sands also had made a quick change. He found her out on the terrace in a little, almost shoulderless, sea-green frock. She had left off the sou'wester, and he saw that her tumultuous hair was redder than he could have imagined in his wildest moments. And golder. She stopped him in his tracks.

“See the multimillionaires,” she said.

Gregory Larch just managed to tear his eyes away from her long enough to observe a white and brassy steam yacht anchored in the cove. A small boat had been swung off, and a party of visitors even then was standing in for shore.

The girl sauntered toward the pier, and Larch went too.

A man and two women sat in the yacht tender. And if they were multimillionaires they could have spent a fair share of the income for things to eat. The three of them filled the little boat so full there was hardly enough room for the outboard motor. They sank her to the Plimsoll line.

One of the women was a blue-black brunette. For the sake of contrast, the other was as blonde as they can be made. Both had on striped silk-knit fishermen's jerseys, with berets to match, and white satin sailors' pants, laced snug where the gobs lace 'em. As they disembarked and came puffing up the landing stage, Larch could think of nothing else but a couple of hearties off a battle wagon about to go into their hornpipe.

The man, a heavy-jowled, broad-beamed yachtsman, was dressed in a fine linen and gold-braided yachting suit. A tasty fellow. Finger rings and a diamond-studded belt buckle gave him just that added touch of swank.

His eyes, which were bulged a little by the puffs of his cheeks, sought Miss Sands with the stupid insolence of a couple of fish gaping dankly from an aquarium. "I'm Vango Marks," he said, just as though he had said, "I'm Herbert Hoover."

He stuck a dark, blunt thumb at his companions.

"These are a couple of my friends."

And then he saw Larch loitering at the end of the dock. "You!" he ordered. "Get that stuff out of that boat."

MISS SANDS started to interfere, but as Larch had moved forward obediently, she let it go at that.

"Good criminently!" expostulated the big brunette, facing the steep path. "They want us to climb that hill!"

"On your way, Elly," said Marks. "Snake the hips, kid."

Miss Sands dropped back to the boat, where Larch was tossing up suitcases and pigskin dunnage bags. "You don't have to do this," she said.

"Yes I do. He knows a porter by his clothes, just as I know a big bootleg dealer by his face."

"A dealer in what?"

"Now what," he asked, "would a bootlegger deal in?"

"Boots and shoes, maybe?" grinned the girl.

"No," said Larch. "Shoots and booze."

*COMING—*

SHOOT and BE DAMNED!

One of the most dramatic of all war stories

as told to

RALPH GOLL

*By*

Sergeant Ed Halyburton, D. S. M.,
the first doughboy captured
by the Germans

He passed her a hamper with a dozen gold-helmeted bottles standing up like a squad of guardsmen. "Handle this one gingerly."

"Champagne!" she whispered.

"And how!" He leaped back to the dock. "This fellow is really Vango Marks, the biggest noise in the rum racket. Sting him, and see if I care."

Ursula Sands smiled wickedly. "An east wind this evening, and narry a musketeer."

"It's a pity," said Larch.

"Why is it a pity?" she demanded.

Larch watched the three full-blown figures toiling up the gravel path. "I was just thinking from a mosquito's angle," he said. "What necks! What legs!"

THE girl kept the wine basket, and Larch carried the rest of Mark's dunnage. They gained the top of the terrace, to find the visitors sprawled out in cushioned lounging chairs. Professor Sands was there too, and he had remembered to put on a necktie and his new shoes.

Marks had got right down to brass tacks. "I hear you're tryin' to sell this island," he said.

Professor Sands answered stoutly: "I'm asking a hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"What a hell of a dump!" said Elly.

"Shut up, Miss Rumdumb," Vango Marks reproved her, talking through the slimy end of a ragged, chewed cigar.

"A hundert and twenty-five thousand what?" asked the blonde amazon.

"Look, Berthe," said Marks, "you can both shut up."

Miss Elly Rumdumb was looking over the inn, and didn't seem to care for it. "What he could do with it," she submitted, "would be to turn it into a garach for the ottomobiles. An' then he could put up a ritzy stone shack with a tower—"

"He would need a garadge," said Miss Berthe, "just like Robinson Caruso would."

Vango Marks got up and flung the smoldering wreck of his cigar into the pellucid little pool with the goldfish.

"Do I have to go on listenin' to you two galoofs?" he shouted. "Or do I—"

He paused, discovering Miss Sands standing by with a hamper of wine bottles on her arm. "All right, sweetheart," he said. "Go put 'em on ice."

Ursula Sands looked up sharply to make sure that she had heard correctly. And then she immediately tried to act as though she hadn't heard a thing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOW TO BUY A SHIRT

If you're fed up with buying your shirts a size too big, so they may shrink to fit you (but usually shrink to choke you) . . .

Or if you think some shirt-makers deliberately put something in the collars to make them curl up like a pair of tusks . . .

Or if you've suffered the embarrassment of collars that spread like a maiden's blush . . . .

Or had the maddening experience of sleeves shrinking until they resembled those of a polo shirt . . . .

Step in and buy an Arrow Shirt. Enjoy the beautiful fit and styling that only Arrow can put into a collar, and the finished tailoring throughout. Watch an Arrow Shirt come back time after time from the laundry the same size it went. That's because it's shrunk by Arrow's own patented Sanforizing Process —the only process of its kind—which means it stays your correct size forever, or you get your money back! Try the Arrow Trump, in specially woven broadcloth, at $1.95—with collar attached, or neckband for starched collars. If it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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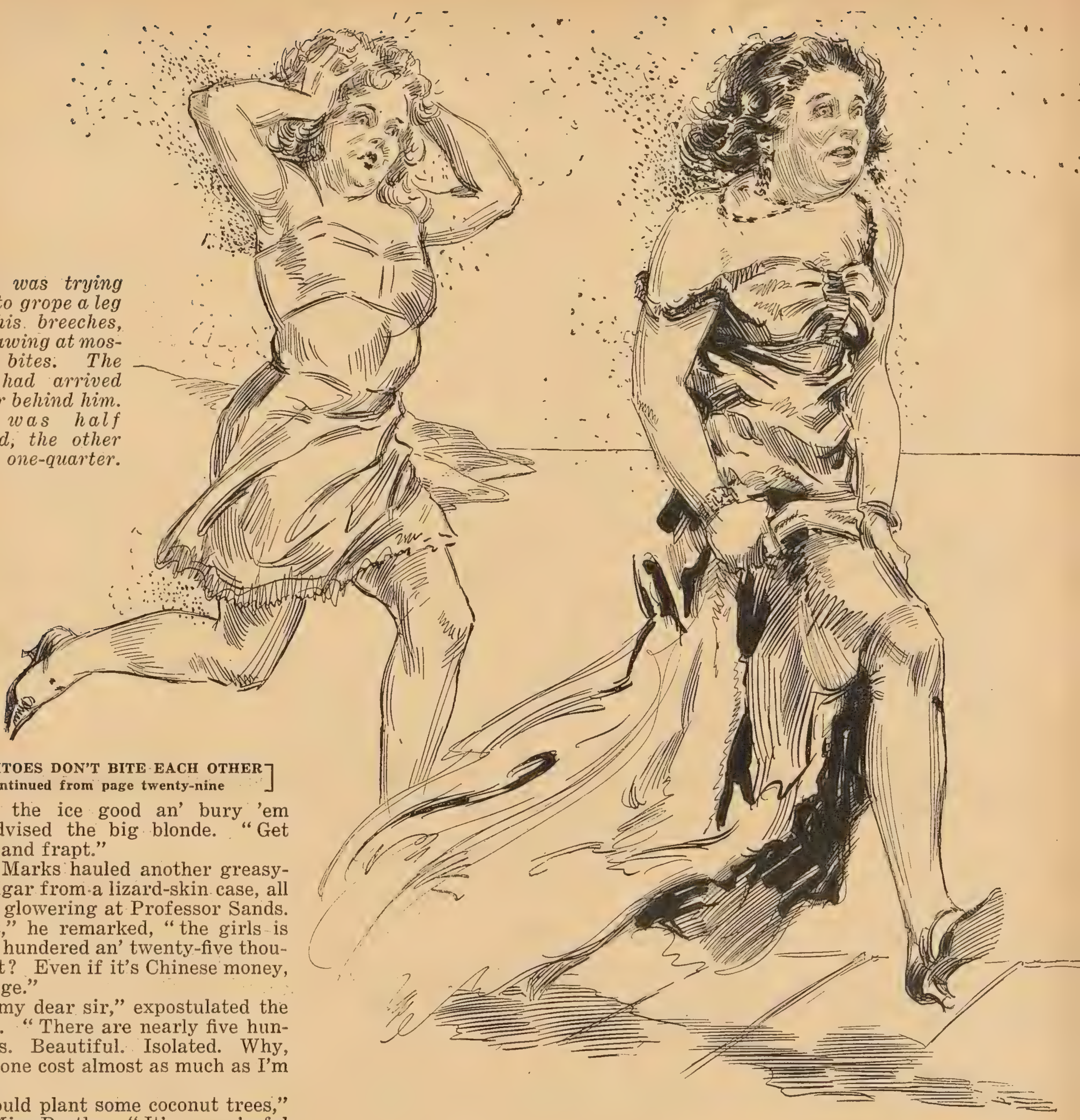


*HE was trying to grope a leg into his breeches, and clawing at mosquito bites. The girls had arrived not far behind him. One was half dressed, the other about one-quarter.*

MOSQUITOES DON'T BITE EACH OTHER
Continued from page twenty-nine

"Chop the ice good an' bury 'em deep," advised the big blonde. "Get 'em good and frapt."

Vango Marks hauled another greasy-looking cigar from a lizard-skin case, all the while glowering at Professor Sands. "At that," he remarked, "the girls is right. A hundered an' twenty-five thousand what? Even if it's Chinese money, it's a gouge."

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the professor. "There are nearly five hundred acres. Beautiful. Isolated. Why, the inn alone cost almost as much as I'm asking."

"He could plant some coconut trees," sneered Miss Berthe. "It's a won'erful place to grow nuts."

"It's a won'erful place to go nuts," said Miss Elly.

"Nuts to *you* ladies!" said Vango Marks.

Professor Sands looked a trifle popeyed. Bewildered. "If we could go into the office," he said pathetically, "perhaps we could discuss this matter somewhat privately."

"If you mean go into your office," assented Marks, "sure, I'll go into your office."

"We're dining here tonight," said Miss Berthe, as Marks and Sands went into the office. "What're we goin' to have?"

"Well," mused Miss Sands, "we have broilers. Or lobsters and clams and fresh shrimp and lovely blue crabs—lots of shellfish."

"Got any nice escargots?" inquired Miss Elly.

"Sorry—no escargots."

"Escargots," snooted Miss Elly, "is French snails with butter sauce. An' they call this a resterah! An' no escargots!"

"What about some nice avocados?" suggested Larch.

"What?"

"Avocados are nice alligator pears. Now if you want some very nice shellfish—"

"Listen!" cut in Miss Berthe. "Who let you loose?"

"Here's what you can do, Mac," said Miss Elly. "You can heist our baggage to our rooms. The two overnight cases with gold trimmings and the two snakeskin week-end bags."

"Yes'm," said Larch.

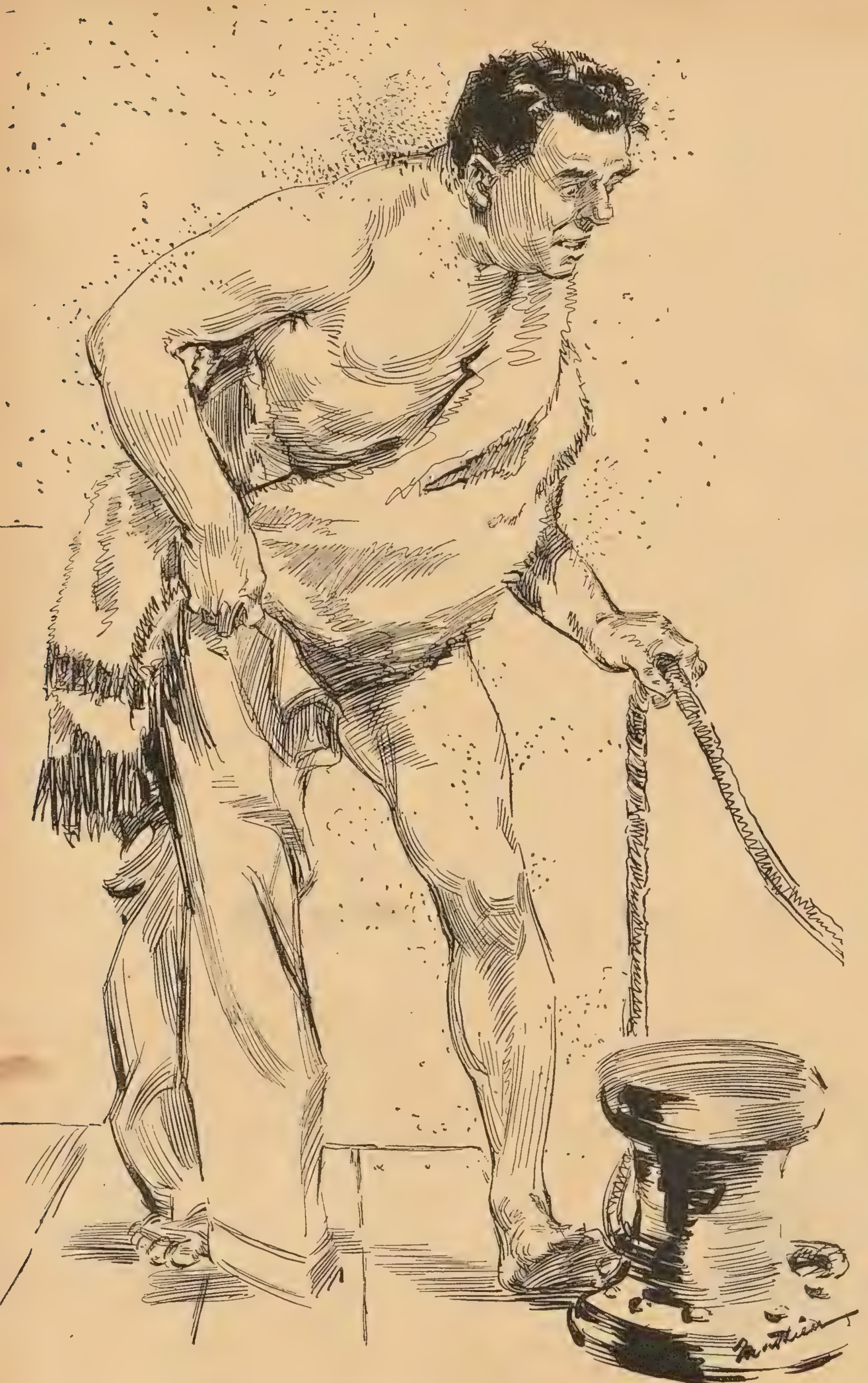
"Show them the double front room at the head of the stairs," said Ursula Sands, and looked him straight between the eyes, "Mac."

The two women trundled after him to the second floor, deciding on the way that a public resort without an elevator was a bigger dump even than they had thought in the first place.

"We're dressin' up for dinner," said Miss Berthe as Larch rattled the shades in the trellised sea-fronting windows. "You hustle us up a couple o' ladies' maids. See?"

"I'm afraid," he said, "that there aren't two in the whole shebang."

"Wouldn't you know it!" Miss Elly was sizing up her man-o'-war's-man's silhouette, fore and aft, in the full-length double mirrors. "All right—all right!" she fretted. "If you got one, chase her in an' we'll split her."



"An' listen, Mac," put in Miss Berthe. "Just so you don't keep on hangin' around. Vannie Marks is the one who gives up the tips for this party, if the service is meritous."

When Larch regained the main floor the two men were just coming out of the office. Professor Sands was smiling faintly and smoking the exact mate of the black-skinned pondoroso that Vango Marks was worrying. Neither of them said anything, and the professor himself escorted his visitor up to a room.

And when he came trotting down he was still pleasantly gleaming. "Well, Ursa," he announced. "It's settled. We're signing up tonight, after dinner—"

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand."

Miss Sands sighed wearily. "Just a financial Napoleon."

"But, my dear—at least we haven't lost anything."

"I'm glad you didn't hold out for ninety thousand," she said.

Professor Sands nodded, still pleased with himself. "Mr. Marks is not a bad sort."

"What's he going to do with the place?" she asked. "Fortify it?"

"He could put in a concrete emplacement for a big Berthe?" cracked the sapient Mr. Larch.

"He says he's tired of city life," explained the professor. "He wants to live *alfresco*."

"A sort of a cross," said Larch, "between *alfresco* and Al Capone."

With that they heard a heavy footfall on the landing above, and Vango Marks hallooed down the stairway. "Porter!" he yelled. "Where's that boy? Hey—my bag!"

Larch departed swiftly. He stopped in the entryway, where he had deposited the luggage, snatched up the biggest traveling case, and headed for the stairs.

Vango Marks had retired again to his room, and when Larch opened the door he heard a torrential downpour in the tiled shower adjoining. "Here, sir," he said, and thrust his head into the rubber-curtained nook.

With all his clothes off, Vango Marks looked more than ever like a prehistoric throwback to the days before men were men. A thick, furry torso with knobby undersupports and a pineapple head set well forward on practically no neck at all. He shut off the water and reached for a bath towel.

"Get out my dinner suit," he ordered.

LARCH put down the suitcase and unfastened its hasps. He threw up the lid, and then, with both arms flung before his face, he stumbled backward and wrapped himself up completely in the fileted window curtains.

What he had brought was not Vango Marks' suitcase. It was Ursula Sands' suitcase.

And five hundred thousand mosquitoes had gained their liberty. Or it easily could have been one million.

All Larch could hear for a moment was a sort of *whooshing* sound shifting from the bedroom to the bath. As Miss Sands had said, these were a fresh batch that had waited all their lives for mess call.

A bellow of astonishment, and more than astonishment, came from the bathroom. For a few seconds it sounded as though somebody within were engaging in winter sports up and down a tiled floor on slippery pieces of soap. And then Vango Marks came out.

He was stripped to the buff, whatever a buff is. All he had was a big bath towel. And yet it was a very modest scene. There were so many mosquitoes that Marks himself was all but invisible.

As he fought his way blindly across the room, he grabbed up his trousers. He got one leg in, but no being of human flesh and blood could have tarried to insert the other leg.

As he went from the room, down the stairs, out the front door, taking Miss Sands' mosquitoes along, he was moving like a funnel-shaped tornado cloud hopping across the Middle West.

Miss Elly Rumdumb, meanwhile, had emerged from her room to yell for a maid. She had thrown on a décolleté pink-velvet dress, which yawned wide where it was ready to be hooked. And then Miss Berthe had stepped out in her step-ins to add a robust treble to the general disturbance.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOSQUITOES DON'T BITE EACH OTHER
Continued from page thirty-one

This was the moment when Vango Marks had made up his mind to go back to his yacht.

The women were screaming for service; and then they screamed at the shocking sight of a hurtling figure trying to get into its yachting pants while taking the front steps three at a jump; and they screamed again when the cometlike tail of the main mosquito pack billowed about them.

The atmosphere in the bedroom had cleared enough by now so that Larch could venture forth. A few stragglers were left—the lame and the halt—but he could keep fairly comfortable by slapping down a lone sniper here and there. So he went downstairs, where he could find a lounging chair on the front terrace and enjoy the evening.

In less time than this, Vango Marks had traversed the length of the descending path and the pier, and hurled himself into the outboard motor boat. At a distance it looked as though he were surrounded by a dull haze. He was doing so many things simultaneously, it was unbelievable.

He was untying the mooring line, and pulling the rope starter, and deciding whether to swipe at the air with his bath towel or swaddle himself in it, and trying to grope a leg into the undonned section of his breeches, and clawing at mosquito bites.

The girls had arrived not far behind him. One was about half dressed for a formal dinner party, and the other about one-quarter. Why that little boat didn't sink after the way they went aboard her was just one of those unaccountable things.

Gregory Larch was reclining in a chaise longue, wishing he knew where there were some opera glasses, when he heard a stumbling footfall behind him. And then Ursula Sands' gasping voice.

"What is it?" the girl cried, aghast. "What has happened?"

"Vannie beat them to the boat," said Larch. "But then, he started from scratch."

"Why are they leaving?" she demanded.

"It wasn't his suitcase. When I opened it there were no dinner clothes at all."

"Suitcase!" she exclaimed. "Dinner clothes—" And just then something pinged in her ear.

"So!" she said, as she clapped up her hand. "*Mosquitoes!*"

Larch was watching events down at the pier. The outgoing guests had managed to cast off the mooring line at last. And then a stanch little *phutt, phutt, phutt* echoed up from the water.

The girl stepped around to confront him, flaring. "You turned 'em loose," she choked. "Purposely!"

The pretty white yacht was riding at a buoy, not far out, and Larch could see the crew gathering by the rail, staring at the approaching dinghy. "The owner's party will look very naïve going aboard," he said. "And nobody dares laugh. A sailor's lot is hard and rigorous."

"You chased 'em away!" Miss Sands confronted him, contemptuous and bitter. "So you could grab the place for yourself! Your own price! All right! Make your offer to dad. He'll have to take it. We can't hold out any longer." Her voice broke a little. "I might have known. You're just a good business man, aren't you?"

And before he could say a word she turned and ran back to the open doorway. "John!" she called. "John—come here, please!"

THERE appeared almost at once a smallish, grayish, bleak-looking man in a waiter's jacket.

"John!" ordered the girl. "Show the semaphore for the morning boat. Mr. Larch is leaving on the very first boat!"

"Yes, Miss Ursula," said the man, and glanced dubiously at the stranger in the porter's left-off dungarees. "Did you say the name was Larch? There was a telegram brought by the noon boat for a Mr.—"

"It is I," said Larch, and reached for the yellow envelope that the waiter was fumbling out of his pocket. He glanced at the superscription, tore out the folded inclosure.

"You want to hear what it says?" he asked Miss Sands.

"No."

"All right. It says, 'Gregory Larch Banjo Island we are announcing plans tomorrows newspaper come on home JL.'

"The JL stands for old Jimmy Larch, my father," he told the girl. "He's president of a developing corporation that is about to run a railroad down through these bayous. The first thing they'll do will be to clean up the swamps. They'll run the mosquitoes ragged."

The girl was looking at him, absolutely voiceless.

"I'd have told you before," he apologized. "But the lips sealed, you know. Honor bound until the tip-off in the newspapers."

"Why," she declared tensely, "it'll mean— It'll double the value of our island overnight!"

"Better you," he said, "than the bootleggers."

"But why?" The girl faced him, wondering and shaken. "You could have bought it yourself. That's what you came for. Why didn't you? Why?"

"Vango Marks'll be sending for his stuff," he reflected. "For all but one bottle of champagne, anyhow." He turned over his shoulder to the waiter. "John—how's for a bucketful of chopped ice?"

"Look at me!" said the girl. "Answer me! What made you step in like this for dad and me? I want you to tell me!"

"I don't know," he said. "Or, yes, I do. I knew, the very first minute I saw you."

"Knew what?" she asked.

"John," said Larch, "don't bother flagging the morning boat. I wouldn't give a darn if there weren't any boats."

"What did you know?" she persisted.

"About us," he said. "You and me. I knew we belonged in the same swamp."

Ursula Sands laughed, and then caught her breath. "Lucky little devils!" she said.

THE END

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# A Few NOTES on BIRDS

## By Dr. Seuss

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### A NOTE ON CROWS

THE most expensive detail of gardening has always been the cost of clothing the scarecrow. Clothes costing what they do, gardeners will be thrilled to learn that at last this extravagant practice can be eliminated. This year a television company is setting up a Master Scarecrow in its broadcasting studio. Installing a receiving set, the gardener simply tunes in when the crows come around.

### A NOTE ON LOVE BIRDS

LAST year, when the S. F. G. O. M. A. T. G. H. E. (Society for Getting Old Maid Aunts to Go Home Early) was formed, people shook their heads sadly and said it couldn't be done. The society, however, has come through nobly. They have met the visiting-aunt menace . . . by developing the Giant Love Bird! With a pair of these in your parlor, they guarantee no prudish visitor will stick around five minutes.

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### A NOTE ON PARROTS

OF all the plans concocted to bring about the repeal of prohibition, none [illegible] far, has been practical. A scheme now on foot, howe[illegible] seems absolutely f[illegible]

On the outskirts of Washington trainers are now [illegible] ing 300[illegible]0 parrots how to shrie[illegible] wi[illegible]ining complete [illegible]

# Laughter, *and*

*George Brent and Ruth Chatterton in a play of her own selection, The Rich Are Always with Us.*

*Chester Morris and Carole Lombard in a scene from Sinners in the Sun.*

## *By* FREDERICK

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)*

MOVIE fans will be interested in Ruth Chatterton's current appearance in the oddly titled film, The Rich Are Always with Us. It is her first Warner Brothers production under her new contract.

Miss Chatterton left Paramount, I am told, because she wanted to choose her own stories and to get more money. For one thing, she was tired of playing déclassée mothers who hid their identities and breaking hearts from their children.

I suspect that Miss Chatterton wants to do high comedy. Also, when you judge her first selection, I imagine you will wonder if stars ought to select their own film stories.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Caroline | Ruth Chatterton |
| Julian | George Brent |
| Allison | Adrienne Dore |
| Malbro | Bette Davis |
| Greg | John Miljan |
| Davis | John Wray |
| The Doctor | Robert Warwick |
| Flo | Virginia Hammond |
| Dante | Walter Walker |
| The Judge | Berton Churchill |

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by Warner Brothers-First National.

[illegible] done in the best [illegible] manner; brisk [illegible] poised teacup hiding an aching heart.

After fifteen years of marriage, Caroline leaves her husband, who has fallen in love with another. After the divorce she, in turn, is about to wed a handsome writer, when an accident kills her rival and leaves her ex-husband a helpless cripple. Will she marry her new-found happiness or will she stay with the weakling who now needs her badly?

Miss Chatterton plays the wife and grass widow in her best mannered manner. And you will be interested in George Brent, now viewed as a menace to Clark Gable's popularity, as the writer.

### ★ ★ SINNERS IN THE SUN

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Doris Blake | Carole Lombard |
| Jimmy Martin | Chester Morris |
| Claire | Adrienne Ames |
| Mrs. Blake | Alison Skipworth |
| Eric Nelson | Walter Byron |
| Ridgway | Cary Grant |
| Lil | Rita LaRoy |
| Fred Blake | Russ Clark |
| Mrs. Fred Blake | Frances Moffett |
| Grandfather | Luke Cosgrave |

Directed by Alexander Hall.
Produced by Paramount.

He is an automobile mechanic, she a model in a smart clothes shop. They are in love, but the girl, impressed by the perils of poverty and affected by the lure of lovely frocks, moves into an [illegible]ent of a wealthy playboy. [illegible] enough, the mechanic is engaged as a chauffeur by a rich playgirl, who marries him. Thus the two become the unhappy victims of luxury indicated by the title.

Trust the movies to prove that unearned comforts bring only sorrow. Doris and Jimmy still love each other, and they escape from their gilded cages to return to poverty, happiness, and each other.

The film owes its interest to the urbane and smart production, the swank fashion parade behind the creaky plot, and the beauty of Carole Lombard as the model. Adrienne Ames, too, is effective as the heiress who buys husbands.

### ★ ★ THE TENDERFOOT

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Peter Jones | Joe E. Brown |
| Ruth | Ginger Rogers |
| Sam Lehman | Lew Cody |
| Miss Martin | Vivian Oakland |
| Mack | Robert Greig |
| Patterson | Wilfred Lucas |
| Oscar | Spencer Charters |
| Dolan | Ralph Ince |

Directed by Ray Enright.
Produced by Warner Brothers-First National.

This time Joe Evans Brown of the Mammoth [illegible] smile appears

# Luxury, Love

*Ruth Chatterton's First Picture for Warner Brothers; Joe E. Brown as a Cowboy; a False Revolution; and Another Current Talkie*

*Joe Brown of the wide-open faces with the sparkling Ginger Rogers in The Tenderfoot.*

*George Bancroft (center) in The World and the Flesh, a Hollywood version of the Russian revolt.*

## JAMES SMITH

Texas cowboy with twenty thousand dollars and the ambition to make good in the big city. He gets hooked by slickers who are staging a play and has a narrow escape from losing his roll. You will get a number of laughs out of Cowboy Brown as an impresario, and Ginger Rogers is adequate as a stenographer who falls in love with him. Mr. Brown was better in his previous appearance as a ball player with a flair for fire-fighting, but The Tenderfoot is pretty good, at that.

### ★ THE WORLD AND THE FLESH

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Kylenko | George Bancroft |
| Maria Yaskaya | Miriam Hopkins |
| Dmitri | Alan Mowbray |
| Rutchkin | George E. Stone |

Directed by John Cromwell.
Produced by Paramount.

So many vivid revolutionary films have emerged from the late land of the late czars, motivated by the strange national fanaticism of the new Russia, that this Hollywood version of the revolt is palpably false.

The sailor leader of a band of Red seamen seizes as his own the dancer paramour of a fleeing nobleman. She is a commoner who worked her way upward to luxuries, patronage, and glory. There you have the big sequence. The heart of the "hot-blooded dancer" (I quote the subtitles) gives way before the roistering, fiery vagabond. She, too, is of the people.

This is all presented as a serious, if melodramatic, picture of the days that shook the world. I regret to report that George Bancroft's performance is just Hollywood's idea of virile impetuosity plus the usual Bancroft laugh (to me an annoying, overdone bellow). As the ballerina, Miriam Hopkins is a nice little ingénue with a Southern accent.

### *Do you know that—*

Jean Harlow will hide her platinum hair with a red wig to play Red-Headed Woman?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months*

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable.

# *The* TOLL *of the*

## *How the Modern Brigands Create the Peril Against Which They Offer "Protection" and Even Resort to Murder to Enforce Their Demands on Employers and Labor Alike*

*(Reading time: 24 minutes 50 seconds.)*

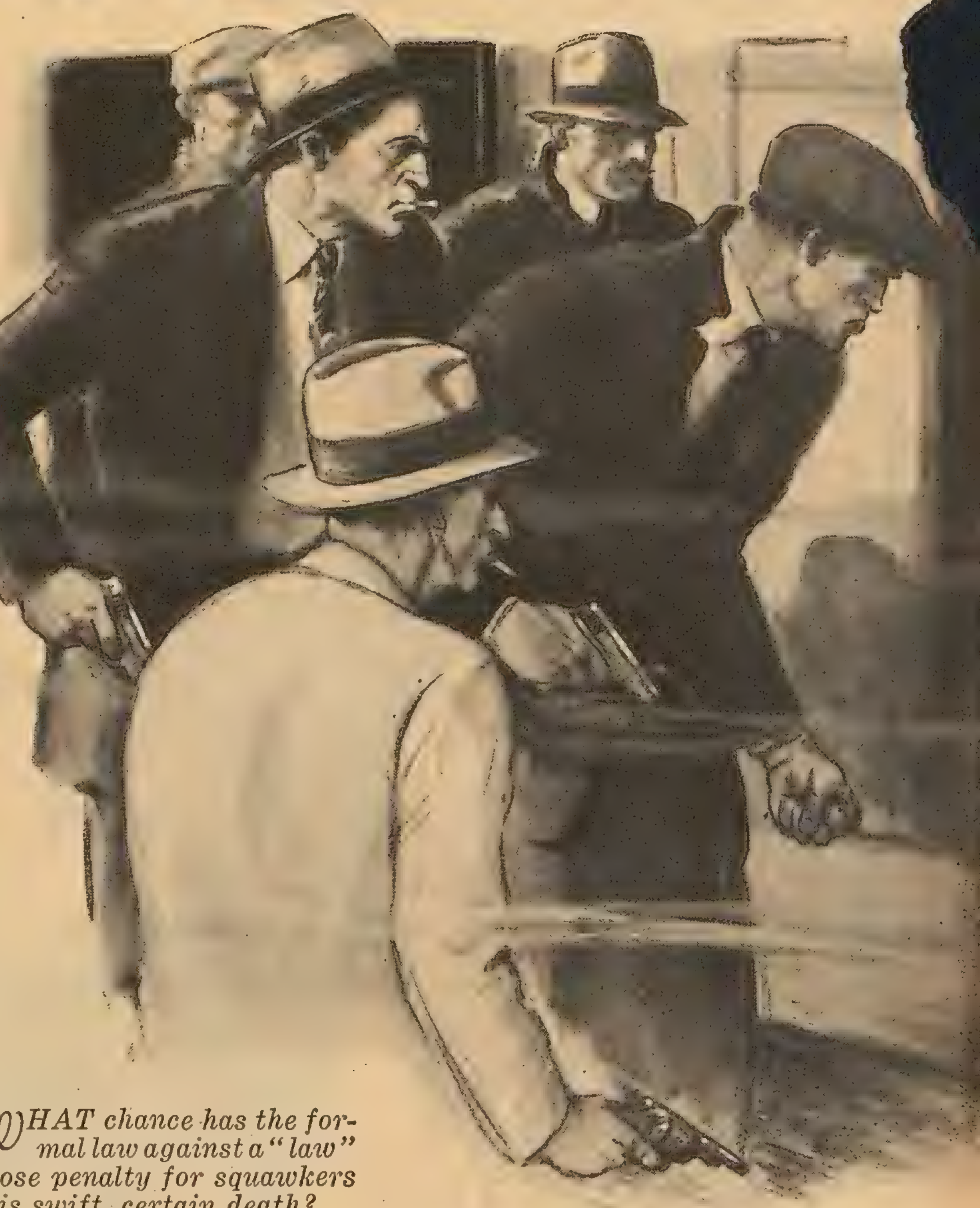
THE " riotous " racket came in for exposure at Mr. Irwin's hands last week. He defined it as the type in which racketeers within a trade, " finding kid-glove methods too slow, take to violence, often with cordial assistance from the underworld." As a rule, he explained, it grows out of the " respectable " racket.

As examples of it he cited the plasterers' acket in the Bronx, New York City, the lumbers' racket in Detroit, and the garage racket in Chicago. These, he said, are among the few rackets that have come to public notice —and, more or less, to grief. Many are avoidng such pitfalls as resulted in their doing so.

Mr. Irwin now turns his searchlight on the " rotten " racket, " organized by gangsters from without the trade."

### PART THREE—THUGS AND GORILLAS

THE forces of reform were pushing Al Capone around. That seemed the only way to exterminate him: a sort of guerrilla warfare of the law. The gangsters under his control had eliminated competition by means of the automatic pistol and the machine gun. In comparative serenity now, he was collecting an illegal tax on the illegal business of manufacturing and distributing alcohol. Everyone in Chicago knew that, and no one could prove it before a court of law. He stood intrenched in the silences of the underworld, in the deliberate inefficiency of certain city officials. Therefore the reformers attacked him at his vulnerable point—the bulkiness of beer.



*WHAT chance has the formal law against a " law " whose penalty for squawkers is swift, certain death?*

They searched out and raided the small-unit breweries which flourished in his shadow. A truck, armored in front against the shock, would run in low gear against the door of some building which seemed to be merely a garage or a small warehouse. Down would go the doors, and from the car would leap a prohibition squad. With axes, sledges, even dynamite, they would reduce the expensive tanks, vats, and pipes to junk. Of course the brewery would start up again at another point—to be raided and smashed as soon as it began to produce. The process was cutting perilously into Capone's profits.

Suddenly and surprisingly the king of gangland proposed a truce. One of his lieutenants carried the white flag. And a member of the Secret Six, which had laid out the strategy of this campaign, went forth to a conference. He was guided through dark passages and up a freight elevator to that hotel suite from which Capone ruled his world. Loopholes, backed up with mirrors for the eyes of hidden guards, laced all the doors.

There sat Capone himself--forceful, articulate, eminently likable, the perfect underworld type of a dashing leader. Over a glass of his own beer he discussed with amazing frankness his business and its troubles. Out of this came a vital fact which his visitor knew already. Capone was collecting a tax of 40 per cent on all " intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes " sold in Chicago. Having virtually eliminated competition, he had gone on to organize his business like a first-class corporation. And now—the reformers! Plainly, he was not prepared to deal with them as he did with fellow gangsters who tried to muscle in. They brought in a new dimension which puzzled him.

He led the talk, then, to those parasitic, gang-inspired rackets on business which were then disturbing Chicago. These he held in low esteem. Contrary to general belief, he said, he had taken only one flier in that direction—a brief incursion into the dyers' and cleansers' racket. " And it set me back forty thousand dollars," mourned Capone.

Then, having come to the heart of the affair, he leaned forward and tapped his visitor confidentially on the knee.

" I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. " Lay off me, give me the booze privilege for the Chicago territory, and I'll turn the boys loose on those business rackets. Three months after I shoot the works they'll be out—washed up—see? "

And even though he laughed at this strange, impertinent offer, the visitor realized that Al Capone could have made good his word. An order from his headquarters, a little disciplinary shooting, and those predatory rackets would have sickened and died. Al Capone could do it; and no one else! Underneath the elaborate, expensive official system by which Chicago thought she was ruling herself, he administered an invisible govern-

# New Racketeer

ROBERT A. CAMERON

By

## WILL IRWIN

*Pictures by* ROBERT A. CAMERON

ment, more efficient within its limitations. It kept no records, made no appeal to voters. It protected its property rights and its own organization by the extreme primitive penalty of capital punishment. Sheer terror imposed the law of silence not only upon its own officials but even upon innocent outsiders. Twenty people might witness one of its executions, might know the executioners; but they would never tell. What chance has the formal law, with its puny, uncertain punishment of imprisonment for perjury, against a law whose penalty for squawkers is swift, certain death?

CAPONE has gone to Atlanta; and Chicago city administration has changed somewhat for the better. Nevertheless his invisible government still exists; even as I write is engaged in an obscure internal struggle for the vacant throne of its captive king. And this situation is not peculiar to Chicago, which, because of its frank Western ways and its loud-mouthed ex-mayor, has sustained more than its fair share of criticism. The same kind of invisible government, with the same weapons and tools, rules its domain of alcohol and vice in nearly every northern or Middle Western city.

Disorderly gangs of boys and young men have always plagued or enlivened the poorer quarters of our great cities; notably New York. In the old days they fought each other with clubs and paving stones, but solely for honor and the joy of combat. Then came the national prohibition law, followed by wholesale violation. The perilous but immensely profitable business of bootlegging needed extra-legal police to guard its illegal property. The gang boys of our city streets stood ready to hand—beautiful material.

And suddenly "toughness," which had been a mere decoration of manhood in the old days, became a valuable commercial asset. A young graduate of the slums who respected no law of God or man, and was willing to take risks with sudden, early death, could earn fantastic wages. Indeed, if he had only moderate ability he could go on to a profitable, independent business. It was a bonanza.

HOWEVER, the "rum" business, as time went on, congealed into syndicates which crowded out the lesser people. Also our city slums were breeding faster and faster a new, perturbing class of toughs—boys who began their contact with the realities of life as juvenile delinquents, who became as they grew older jacks of all criminal trades, who knew no ethics except the law of silence and mistaken physical valor, who held no ambition except to grow into Big Shots. The profession of guarding liquor by force of arms grew overcrowded; there was an excess of expert material for any criminal job.

As the excess material looked over their environment for opportunities to live luxuriously without work, they observed a number of organized rackets on legitimate business. In them, greedy or harassed proprietors, linked with dishonest labor leaders, often employed gunmen and thugs for especially dirty jobs. Why, reasoned the underworld, leave all the big money to the saps? Why not be masters instead of servants? Forthwith, enterprise grasped opportunity. In New York, in Chicago, to a lesser extent in most of the great, incoherent cities where Fortune Avenue knows not what Poverty Street is doing, gangsters endowed with the business sense and talent for organization began pecking away at the small trades of the poorer quarters.

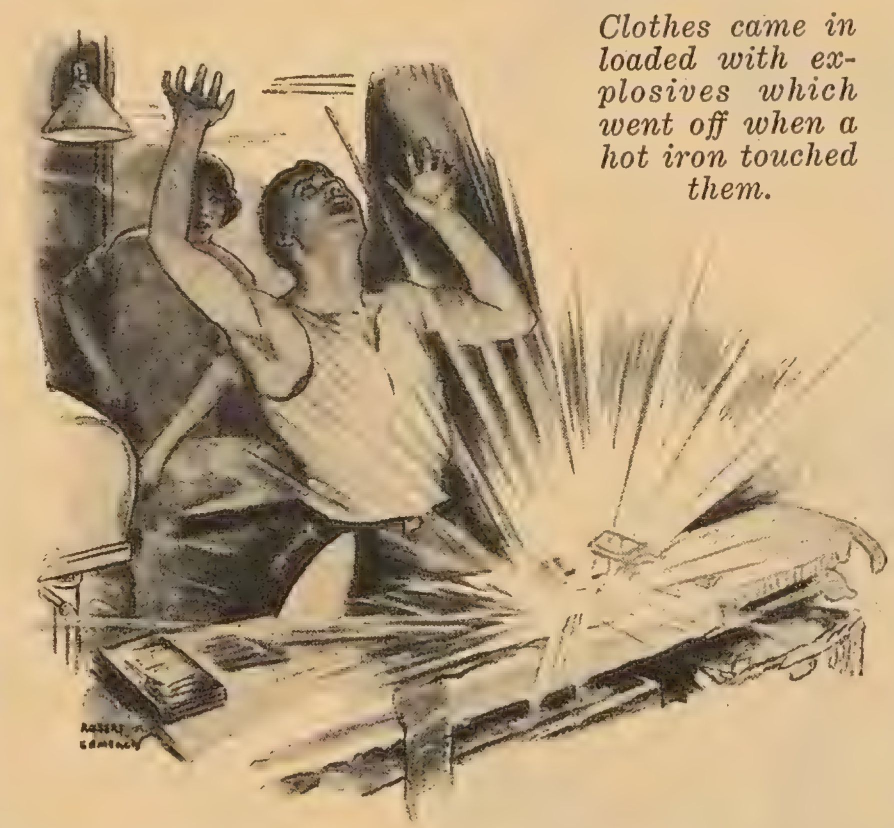
At first the process usually amounted only to small extortion. To take an example within my own knowledge: A young man in enviable garments walked one day into a small tailor shop on the East Side of New York. "This looks like a good business," he remarked. "It is," said the proprietor. "Then I'm in on it," the young man said. "I'm your partner. I take a third of the profits." The conversation needed to go no further. This visitor, as the tailor knew, belonged to a neighborhood gang which protected speakeasies. Those whom it did not like it shot. And he himself was not long from Russia. He was used to oppression, and he had no faith in any police, Russian or American. His nose always to the grindstone, he paid until his dapper partner ran one night into a shower of bullets.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TOLL OF THE NEW RACKETEER
Continued from page thirty-seven

At about the same archaic period, a young man with a loaded truck made the rounds of the small fruit and vegetable dealers in the Bronx, offering for sale a lot of inferior, stale mushrooms at double the market price. "I don't want any of them," the dealer would say. "Yes you do," came the stereotyped reply. "You don't seem to know who I am!" As he soon convinced the dealer, he worked for a gang which at that moment dominated the alcohol business in the Bronx, and which staged occasionally a neat execution. He sold his mushrooms.

Such bits of "chiseling" strike the observer as the experimental work of apprentices. The boys were learning the trade. For lack of brains and enterprise, most of them would never go much further. As Al Capone remarked of his prætorian guard, "They couldn't make thirty a week at anything else." Aside from such small enterprises as this, they must remain employees, letting out their unimaginative valor to the highest bidder, whether that bidder were boss rumrunner, boss kidnaper, boss bank robber, or boss racketeer. But by the law of averages, they had among them a few men with business instincts and wide ambition. Following a pattern copied from the regular, prosperous, capital-and-labor rackets, they began "organizing" whole trades, with terror as the main tool.



*Clothes came in loaded with explosives which went off when a hot iron touched them.*

Not the only tool, however. The successful racketeer of this class must be a bit of a salesman, of a gold-brick worker. He appeals not only to fear, but to mistaken or unenlightened self-interest. It is as though he held a pistol in one hand and a cocktail in the other, and bade the prospect take his choice.

By hundreds the racketeers of the alcohol game emerged into the field of business. There they met and joined another army of graft. Long before we added the word "racket" to our slang vocabulary, organized labor knew the occasional racketeer—like Sam Parks in New York and Brindell in New Jersey. This was a leader who had gone wrong; who in the name of labor preyed equally upon the hog-tied members of his union and the sandbagged employers. The new era went on producing these sporadic traitors to a high cause. And they fitted beautifully into the gangland pattern of rackets.

THE details of these operations vary with the peculiarities and subtleties of the crafts involved. Perhaps the cleansers' and dyers' affair in Chicago combines as many typical elements as any other. It stands as the American classic for this kind of racket; so well advertised by now, what between detective-story magazines and university treatises, that I shall touch only its significant points. Here it was, the ideal trade for the process: many small units under proprietors who were often a little new to our civilization. Suddenly "someone" was organizing the employees into unions, or seizing leaderships of unions already formed; and someone else had framed an employers' association among the big establishments where the work was actually done.

The entrance fee to this élite was $5,000, with heavy dues and assessments to come; and the small agencies which take in and transmit the clothes paid in proportion. Perhaps the original intention was to do the thing half respectably, to force membership in the association by means of strikes. If so, the promoters soon found this method too slow to get results. Gorillas and thugs beat up reluctant employees. As for the independent employers, overwhelming trouble. Clothes came in loaded with explosives which went off when the hot iron touched them; or with phosphorus which burst into inextinguishable fire at the splash of water. Chemicals rotted whole vats of garments. When these methods did not avail, bombs began exploding under the shops or residences of holdouts; a process which cost several lives.

This phase of the "cleansers' war" came to its climax when a set of thugs blackjacked the driver of a collecting wagon, soaked his load of clothing with gasoline, threw him inside, and applied a match. Someone dragged him out of this furnace just in time to save his life.

At the very first the public learned who was really paying the $5,000 entrance fees, the heavy assessments on both employers and employees for "fighting funds." The rate for sponging and pressing a man's suit had been $1.25. "Anyone who knows his business can make money at that rate," said Morris Becker, sturdiest of the independents. It rose at once to $1.75; with it, and in proportion, all other prices for cleansing and dyeing. This racket had no secrets from the public, except the identity of its sluggers and bombers. Its doings made the front page twice a week.

DECENT citizenship, unassisted by the city government, rose and tried to do something. Urged by the employers' association, some housewives began sending their cleansing out of town. This, however, was a troublesome process. It brought scant results; the racket went merrily on.

Morris Becker had been hammering away at the city government and getting nowhere. He lost his patience. Suddenly—and with more originality than judgment—he organized a rival association and called in Al Capone as protector. Momentarily this idea seemed to work. Capone made the rounds, wagged his finger, said a word or two, and violence stopped. But all Chicago knew that this could be only a truce. The next stage might be civil war in the invisible government, with the cleansing plants as a battle ground.

Pressure from without began to tell. Most of the proprietors had entered the association at the persuasion of smooth-tongued young men who showed them how they could raise prices 40 per cent; realization of what they had let themselves in for came later. When the criminal stage of the operation began, they dared not break loose. "You've seen what we do to independents. What do you suppose we'd do to a squawker?" said one of the racketeers to a wavering member. It is doubtful if any of them profited by the 40-per-cent rise in prices. The excess profits went to the racketeers. Now public indignation gave them courage. They "reorganized" their association, called to its head C. L. Patterson, a fighting, hardheaded executive imported from Pittsburgh. He put the business on a more efficient basis, eliminated the racket and the racketeers, brought prices back to normal. But a shift in trade politics forced Patterson out.

Then the cleansers tried another plan. They made Professor Benjamin H. Squires arbiter over the whole business, associations and independents alike. More halcyon days, until the summer of 1931, when again whole vats of clothes rotted under the attack of acids. And last December I sat in the office of a man who is trying to purify Chicago business, when a subordinate thrust his head through the door to report as follows: "Two pineapples last night, boss. One was a little calling card in a bakeshop. But the other was a big boy—it took the whole side of a cleanser's shop and broke every window in the block."

The racketeers are trying to muscle in again; for the stake is large. I have mentioned the $5,000 entrance fee for the big establishments which do the actual work. In addition to that, and to the extra assessments, the small agencies paid $400,000 during the best year of this racket; and the union members probably gave their steady, pathetic toll.

Something about this business of cleansing and pressing clothes renders it especially susceptible to rackets. The "Chicago plan" spread to other cities. Operated more moderately and discreetly, it plagued New York for a time. It broke out virulently in Detroit. There, the heart of the affair was the "Purples," an especially hardened gang of rumrunners. Like their inspirers in Chicago, they used destructive chemicals and bombs. But the "flathouse murders" —three men put on the spot in one batch—brought down the hand of justice on the Purples. The Detroit cleansing racket perished in the general wreck of their fortunes.

EVEN to monotony, I must repeat that the instances which I am citing in this series are not sporadic or exceptional; above all, that I am not straining for sensation. For a time the species of operation which the cleansers' racket exemplifies ran amuck in Chicago. There were literally millions in it; the boys of the underworld went mad with greed. The laundry racket, although more respectable in its origins, ran much the same course, cost the citizens nearly as much money. The little operators of "hand laundries" who take in the local wash and send it to the big companies, paid it 10 per cent of every bill; and this is only one item. A certain historian of disorder remarks that its methods were "quite mild." It beat up workmen in squads and gangs, it ruined vats of clothes with dyes and chemicals, but it did not kill anyone! It needed go no further, because it had mysterious strength with certain city officials.

In soliciting a prospect, the "organizer" would mention that the boilers of the plant needed inspecting. If the prospect showed sales resistance, they were inspected—and condemned, until such time as he paid up and joined. The mysterious loss of its political pull was the rock on which the racket foundered. But, as in the case of the cleansers, the rats are nibbling again at the edges of the trade.

Maxie Eisen, as revealed already in these papers, organized the fish dealers in the poorer quarters. His exactions, his "assessments"—the last one was for the purchase of a twelve-cylinder car—drove many of the dealers into bankruptcy. Yet if they refused to join, men who brooked no interference would meet their fish in transit, scatter it on the ground to spoil. "Say it with flowers"—those who administered the florists' racket said "Pay." The "labor union" of florists' employees served as its motive power. When an injunction ended this graft, the courts discovered that 90 per cent of the union members were employers! The barbers' and hairdressers' racket bulled the prices for the haircuts of one sex, the marcels of the other; and their prices have never come down. Hold out, and someone would enter by night to slash the upholstery of your barbers' chairs or smash the pretty decorations of your beauty parlor.

Several of these rackets culminated in murder; notably that among the junkmen. For a time a racket rather more moderate and seemingly respectable than those catalogued above, collected a cent a ton from all coal which entered Chicago. It was broken up; but it is trying to come back again in another form. The transportation industries, such as teaming, were rotten with it. Finally one Isadore Braverman reduced the whole business to a tragic absurdity when he tried to "organize" the physicians. His conception was logical, according to his lights. Doctors give away too much of their time and skill. They take cases without asking whether the patient can pay. They permit the cities to maintain free dispensaries which cut heavily into their volume of revenue.

"They're just rotten business men," said Braverman, summing up.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How To Really Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

*Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth*

*By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.*

*Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.*

*A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.*

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

**What It Is**

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

**Where To Obtain**

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. 276A

Neet Cream Hair Remover

THE TOLL OF THE NEW RACKETEER
Continued from page thirty-nine

"No pay no cure is my idea." Organized, they could do almost anything, since a man will lay down his whole pile to save his life. Having all the doctors in his association, having eliminated the "unfair competition" of public hospitals and dispensaries, he could extort such fees as the profession never dreamed on. He actually persuaded three or four doctors to sign his roll. The rest laughed in his face—he could never quite understand why.

At the height of the epidemic, cool investigators listed about a hundred rackets operating with bonanza profit in Chicago. Owing partly to hard times, partly to vigilant citizens, representing both capital and labor, who are fighting this system, the number has dropped to fifty-five. About half of them belong to the type which I am describing in this article: the fruitful conception of parasites who have imposed themselves on a trade.

The set of rackets noted above required rather complicated organization. Sometimes the job is far simpler. The racketeer need only set up his gang as "protectors" against a peril which he himself has created. A little police episode of the week during which I am writing illuminates that point. It was so trifling that I found no account of it in the newspapers—just a humble restaurant on the East Side of New York entered by night and smashed up. No one knew exactly why until that afternoon, when several operators of chain restaurants in the neighborhood received a visit from two gangsters with a formidable local reputation. Had they heard about the episode at Joe's restaurant? A lot of that funny business had been happening; a lot more was likely to happen. The visitors could see that the restaurants were left alone—for a certain stipulated sum each week. Here is a typical "protection" racket aborning.

*COMING—*

SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!

**The amazing story of the first American taken prisoner in the World War**

The "night patrol" racket, flourishing now in many American cities, belongs to this variety; only it has gone deeper, become more specialized. Its favored habitat is a business district, or an affluent residence district, which lies near to a tough quarter frequented by well advertised gangs. Enter the night patrol. It has a regular charter, an office, a board of directors; on the surface it looks like one of the reputable detective agencies which make a business of guarding buildings. Its solicitors are persuasive or brutal, according to the need. But, whatever their manners, they dwell on the necessity for protection. If the prospect declines with thanks, minor acts of violence follow: broken windows, smashed locks, relatively harmless burglaries.

AFTER that the solicitor calls again, and the prospect usually signs up. The patrol seems to perform no service more onerous than leaving its card in the vestibule once every week or so; but the acts of violence stop. The customer usually realizes in the end that the patrol and the gang are virtually identical, that he is paying the boys to keep off him; but, in view of the penalties, he keeps on paying.

New York, not to be outstripped by Chicago, has her own special type of racket. Like any other island town, she stands at the mercy of the sea. Most of the foodstuffs which keep the greater city alive, all the freights which make this the second greatest transmission point in the world, pass through that double string of docks marking the eastward and westward boundaries of Manhattan. Long before this present era the unloading business on the larger docks fell into the hands of unions, mostly very "irregular" and unsanctioned, which exacted high fees for the work and often practiced virtual extortion.

For some reason, the steamship companies and the large shippers never met this situation squarely; perhaps because some of these rackets seemed to have protection in high places. This matter is obscure and always was. The Seabury investigation seems to be approaching the topic; perhaps we shall know a great deal more before the year is out. We know enough at present, however, to be sure that the rank and file of the unions get little out of it; except perhaps an occasional piece of change for smuggling in a case of whisky. It is the big boys who collect. Leadership must be worth something, else none would aspire to the presidency of the unloaders at the Brooklyn docks.

Frazer, in The Golden Bough, immortalized that ancient priest of Diana at Lake Nemi who held his comfortable, honored office until some aspiring theological student could get at him to kill him; then the assassin succeeded to the priesthood. The king of the Brooklyn docks occupies an analogous position. Almost invariably he goes out in the flash of a gun. Three have been so murdered within the past five years.

THROUGH the mists which surround this system we get occasional glimpses of its workings. Freight is handled most unscientifically and wastefully. An emergency job is often dropped in the middle until someone sees the big boy. Reloading from car or dock to truck rests nominally in the hands of the union, but more probably in the hands of those who control it, and the prices are often absurd. Yet no one who knows his New York would dare send his own men to do the simple job of transferring a few packing cases from the dock to a truck. Further, it is rumored—and it is also probable—that the bosses of this obscure game have their own way of throwing business to the trucking companies which "favor" them.

Small wonder, then, that the modern racketeer, looking about him for opportunities, perceived this vulnerable point in the commercial structure, began to imitate the czars of the docks, even to improve upon their methods. Early in this new era of graft, a family named Galucci had clamped a racket upon the importation of artichokes into New York. How they worked it no one knows exactly; but they did well. Suddenly five Galuccis died of wounds. So, on the other hand, did three or four other gentlemen whom the Galuccis did not like. The list of casualties included one Morello. And when the funerals were over, Morello's stepson, Ciro Terranova, was somehow in control of the artichoke racket. No one knows whether he was anywhere in the vicinity when these shootings came off. But the connection seemed so close that the very name Terranova inspired terror in the markets.

Thenceforth he operated on a simple plan: He possessed himself of all the artichokes which came in from California, at a price of about six dollars a crate. He handed them to the dealers at eight dollars a crate. The two dollars figured nominally as his fee for reloading—picking up a crate and putting it on a truck. He became enormously prosperous and consequential; his armored car looked like a ducal carriage. But he always traveled with a bodyguard. He was an honored guest at the famous Vitale dinner in 1929. In case the reader forgets, this was a testimonial banquet to a city magistrate attended by gunmen, racketeers, policemen, and small-time politicians. The door opened; a squad of masked men walked in, pulled the conventional side arms, covered the guests and went through them for valuables. This was not an up-and-up robbery; so much is certain. Most of the guests got back their gats and valuables afterward. In the course of proceedings which made Vitale intolerable as a city magistrate, Police Commissioner Whalen declared that Terranova staged the robbery in order to get a very damaging paper in possession of an out-of-town guest. He could never prove his charge.

Nevertheless Terranova took this occasion to retire. He "sold out," withdrew to a mansion on the Hudson, and now lives as a country gentleman on the fortune which he accumulated by honest industry.

Did the artichoke racket die out with Terranova's retirement? Probably not; only his successors, if any, are a trifle less bold and greedy. I am convinced, indeed, that nearly all the produce which enters New York pays toll at the city gates; and that the stock pretext is "loading." The Long Island and New Jersey truck farmers send much of their product to the New York public markets. Thither come the retail fruit and vegetable dealers, driving their own trucks. But they cannot do their own loading —at least, not in most of the markets. A band of men who call themselves a union charge ten cents for lifting a basket of apples from the floor to the truck; and for each watermelon the fee is two cents.

It almost goes without saying that the men who do this light and pleasant work get only day wages. Further, I am convinced that someone is charging a mysterious port fee at the gates of the city. Almost any of these farmers will tell you that he is being "held up"; but ask him about figures, personalities, or methods, and his mouth shuts like a trap. Investigating rackets is irritating work. The victim of a burglary or a holdup usually reports the offense promptly, gives the authorities full assistance. But the fly caught in the spider web of a racket does not buzz. Even when his is not an unwilling accomplice, he knows that unsuccessful complaint may mean ruin for business. The Terranova crowd, in securing monopoly over the artichoke business, discovered that a quart or so of gasoline can render unsalable a whole load of vegetables. The farmers have not forgotten that lesson. Rackets seldom get to the point where they can be described and analyzed in print until some especially lawless act, or exceptional enterprise on the part of a city prosecutor, gives witnesses the choice between silence and indictment for perjury.

THE "Chicago type" of racket, proved sound by experiment, has spread to other cities. So has this New York type. It seems to have a foothold at least in the terminals of Detroit. And in the autumn of 1931 persuasive young men passed through the markets of Cleveland, "organizing." They failed; no one knows exactly why. But probably Cleveland has not seen the last of them.

In a previous article I showed that the typical racket of the semirespectable sort grows out of an attempt on part of established business men to eliminate small, unsound, fly-by-night competition. But sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. Chain-store systems are plowing their way through many varieties of retail business, turning over a furrow of bankruptcy; some rackets use as their selling point the understandable, human desire of the small dealer to resist this economic tendency. Of which sort was the milk racket in New York. The big firms sold bottled milk, standard and sanitary. The little dealers who sprinkle the tenement quarters sold loose or "dipped" milk —of course, at lower prices. In fighting this process the big firms combined self-interest with concern for the public health.

SUDDENLY the "dippers" were organized to fight back—whether from the inside or the outside no one exactly knows. Only this is certain: When assaults on the drivers and systematic souring of milk by chemicals brought the operation to public notice, the men in charge were of a Broadway type which cannot tell a cow from a goat. The price of loose milk rose; and when the Board of Health finally broke up this proceeding, experts on the subject declared that "overhead" had cost the little dealers $800,000 in one year. That represented the gross profits of the racket. Hester Street and Cherry Street and Pitt Street paid it—tenement people, to whom fifteen to twenty-five cents a week seems a very serious item.

You can always work both sides of the street. The milk racket in Chicago, which belonged to the semirespectable class, had its source among certain large dealers who were unquestionably trying to give the city sanitary milk. They organized against the sale of milk to the small grocery stores; and, curiously, the officers of the unions employed in the trade became officers of the employers' association! Whatever the original intention, this soon went sour. The boys took to the rough stuff, including much display of sawed-off shotguns and some bombing. And so the racket paved the way for its own destruction. Or is it entirely destroyed? For of course it raised prices; and practically speaking, those prices still prevail in Chicago.

Among the thousand and one rackets of this species I have selected only a few for detailed description. Others conform to no type whatever; just ingenious inventions of master minds. There is, for example, the case of a pleasant personage with a long political pull who serves a rather small, "unsanctioned" New York union as its president and business agent. The contracts between union and employers run for two years. When the period of the new contract approaches, he collects from the employers, and even from the main customers whom they serve, a sum aggregating from $20,000 to $30,000. With this in his pocket he goes back to the union and reports that he has signed up at exactly the old wage schedule. The threat of raising that schedule was of course the lever with which he pried

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Quink

PECULIAR name, isn't it? What does Qu*ink* mean? Qu*ink* means a Quick-Drying and NON-CLOGGING ink that's better than any ink you ever wrote with before.

HOW BETTER?

1ST Qu*ink* will keep moist longer on the pen point than common ink.

2ND Qu*ink* will dry 31% faster on paper than common ink.

3RD Qu*ink* makes your Desk Set far more efficient. Leave your pen in your Desk Set Saturday noon and Monday morning you will find the point moist and ready for immediate writing — without jerking.

4TH Qu*ink* is a Non-Clogging ink—actually cleans pens as they write.

Parker
Quink

The use of this ink will make *any* pen work better than common ink.

Qu*ink* is a triumph in chemistry research. Ask for Qu*ink* if you want better ink. Small sample bottle free to the skeptical.

191

THE PARKER PEN CO., Dept. L-2, JANESVILLE, WIS.

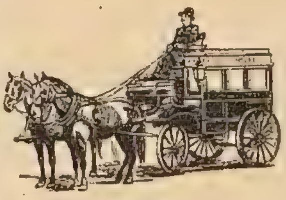
*Makers of the famous* PARKER DUOFOLD *pens, pencils and desk sets*

IN 1853...

Frank Parmelee began to operate a line of six passenger and baggage coaches between Chicago's railway stations, hotels and other public places. That service is still being faithfully conducted by Parmelee System.

Frank Parmelee
Founder of
Parmelee System

He won public confidence by giving the BEST service in the city. The Parmelee idea in 1853 was to provide scrupulously clean vehicles, well groomed horses, courteous drivers, dependable schedules.



Original Parmelee Bus

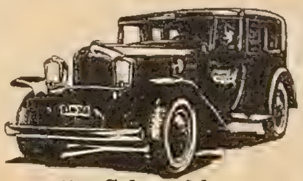
This idea, grown into an ideal is today the principle on which the modern PARMELEE SYSTEM operates an unparalleled taxicab service in 5 of the nation's great cities.

An expert personnel brings the newest developments in equipment and the utmost in efficient management to the operation of its service.

At turn of the Century

Safe ... clean, comfortable cabs... Courteous Drivers... Uninterrupted service, available 24 hours a day... Lowest Rates... are the elements that continue to make PARMELEE SYSTEM what it is . . . the greatest taxicab system in the world.

*The Parmelee System Map is a Symbol of Safety*



1932 Cab used by
Parmelee System Inc.

PARMELEE
SYSTEM
INC.
EST. 1853

NEW YORK
PITTSBURGH
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
MINNEAPOLIS

CORNS
KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE
Removes-not only relieves pain

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

THE TOLL OF THE NEW RACKETEER
Continued from page forty-one

open the pocketbooks. And the union takes it lying down! He has never used violence in any form. Apparently his "customers" fear his long political pull, be that real or imaginary. Passing from this polite graft to absolute extortion and blackmail, the federal government is just getting round to prosecution of a cruel racket imposed on the criminal business of smuggling aliens. A ring, subtle and ruthless, runs the "main line." It has a passport factory in Vienna, one of the world's centers for forgery and counterfeiting. By regular though secret routes it ships its human contraband from the West Indies, Canada, and Mexico. And it charges, of course, all that the traffic will bear.

But when he lands, strapped, the alien finds that his troubles have only begun. Under the big ring operate certain subsidiary groups. To them go his name, the story of his voyage, everything that is known about him. The jackals call on him, threatening exposure to the federal authorities. Right there he begins to pay steadily and for life. If he falls to the bread line, often they do report him—as a warning to others. Possibly they go further than that. Three or four unpunished gang murders in our great cities—according to the police—head back into the alien-blackmail racket. The victim, they conjecture, has grown weary of paying his five, ten, or fifteen dollars a week, with special levies whenever he has a windfall; has realized that life in America on such terms constitutes slavery. He revolts, threatens as a final gesture to tell the police and take his own medicine. So death stops his mouth, and this also serves as a warning.

At least fifteen or twenty rackets of this class are running at this moment in Chicago; dozens or scores in New York, which knows better the art of concealment; hundreds more in the lesser cities. The sum of their takings, could we know all about them, would run into fantastic figures.

And yet these are not the most expensive rackets.

The large, ingenious combination within a trade is the most costly form to you and me, the ultimate consumer.

Add these in, and the figures might become astronomical.

---

*In the concluding installment of this series, to appear in an early issue, Mr. Irwin will expose the insidious methods of the "semirespectable" racket, which bleeds business on a scale that compares with high finance.*

*Liberty now offers*

# $100 to $500 Apiece

## *for* Short Short Stories

**THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.**

**All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.**

**Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.**

**And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

### *Authors and Authoresses!*

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

*We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—A large triangular sail.
2—Finland.
3—East Indies.
4—Byzantium.
5—Pearl.
6—1620.
7—Essay on Man, by Alexander Pope.
8—Cayenne pepper.
9—The state or process of being converted into bone.
10—Moses.
11—Dermis.
12—The thistle.
13—A painting or a drawing in a single hue.
14—A woman who is the head and ruler of her family.
15—Bondage; state of servitude.
16—One who gives himself up to indolence and daydreams.
17—Men of letters.
18—Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
19—A cleansing agent.
20—A wig.

# Last Words

## A Short Short Story

### By JEROME BARRY

"I SAW Glenn Thomas last night," she said, with a little coquettish smile at the transmitter.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 46 seconds.)

"I KNOW it seems frightfully trifling, Grace," Mrs. Crowell said, cuddling the hand-telephone set between cheek and shoulder, "but, after all, look at the marriages we've seen come to grief. Wasn't the break nearly always started by something ridiculously trivial in itself? Always you can point out a few words—a pet wise crack, or a flash of temper, or even a chance remark—a few last words that turn the tide definitely. Before them, there may be a chance of pulling through; after them, there's none. . . .

"No, it's nothing that Bert has said. He's so everlastingly good-natured I could shake him sometimes. It's what he doesn't say. I begin telling him about something, and he stares right at me; but after a while, if I stop suddenly, I find he hasn't heard a word. He'll grin sheepishly and swear he's been listening; or he'll repeat the last sentence I've said. But if I question him he doesn't remember another word.

"It's maddening, Grace! It means he simply has no interest any more in anything I care to talk about. And that's dangerous, you know. It's the point a great many reach, where just those few extra words—a little quarrel or a sharp answer—mean the beginning of the end."

Mary Crowell listened to the answering rustle of Grace's voice in the receiver, and felt a warmly comforting mixture of aggrieved worth and tart philosophic wisdom. She needed some such pricking condiment to season the placid boredom of these days. There had been a time when both she and Bert had had to battle stanchly to get ahead; doing without this and that—without a maid, or a second car, or an automatic radio-phonograph.

During those early days Bert had often come home glowing, to boast of some larger sale or to narrate the endless details of some intricate piece of office politics. Nowadays he never did. All through a meal, or the theater, or an evening of bridge, he would brood, lost and silent. Recently he often begged off going out at all. When she asked, he said he was thinking about business. But to neither of them was it any longer a shared adventure. It was no more than a way to get money, of which they needed more and more.

"I saw Glenn Thomas again last night at the Bannings'," she said, with a little coquettish smile at the transmitter. "Indeed I *have* told you about him, Grace. My old beau-lover, you know, who just came up from South America. He's as wildly gallant as ever. Listen—what do you think he said? He's crazy to have me go back to Buenos Aires with him! He spent the evening trying to persuade me that Reno would be the best thing for everyone concerned. . . . Of course, Grace. Just absurd! . . . But honestly, my dear, I really don't know. . . .

"If Bert has actually lost interest, wouldn't it be best, perhaps, to try to patch together some other meaning to life before it's too late?"

A solidly calm observer somewhere in the back of her mind knew quite well that she and Herbert had wound their lives together too inextricably during all these years for any such prankish scission. However silent and dull he might grow, she was helpless to stop returning the kindly, clumsy love for her that shone through all his acts. The coldly serious thought of losing him would have wrenched her. But here was a stealthy warm little thrill in pretending.

"Glenn insists that when I see him tonight at the Vintons' I give him an answer. And if I decide to go, he wants me to make a break at once—not to return here at all, but to stay with Dorothy Vinton until it's all over. There's so little time before he has to return."

In the days before her marriage Glenn Thomas had been just the same, ready to talk towering nonsense in the dramatic vein after a few cocktails. Still, it was titivating for the moment to pretend one didn't know that Glenn would be quite oblivious today of last night's high entreaties.

"Oh, honey—" A sigh. "I'm really tempted! I half think I'll make the break this evening. Of course I'll tell Bert I'm coming back here a little late from Dorothy's tonight—"

SHE heard someone draw a breath, long and troubled. She knew it as well as she knew his voice.

"How long have you been here?" Her dry lips tried to smile lightly.

"For the last ten minutes or so." He was in his armchair, his eyes fixed on her in a set stare.

"I thought you'd gone for your Saturday-afternoon walk."

"I turned back. Mary, I guess this is the end."

Her heart checked and knocked. What was it she had said?—There were always a few last words that did the damage. After they had been spoken, nothing remained.

"The end?" she stammered wretchedly.

"It's been coming for a long while, but now we've got to face it. I hated to tell you before. I've worried night and day, but it's here at last. We'll have to cut things to the bone, and I hate to ask you to go back to the old hardships."

"What do you mean, Bert?"

"Drastic cuts at the office. For everybody. I'll have a job, but that's about all."

Mary Crowell suddenly walked over and stood facing him. "Bert, what did you hear me say to Grace just now?"

He frowned, then grinned, wearily sheepish. "I didn't know I was supposed to be paying attention, Mary. You said—you said," he beamed with sudden triumph, "that you'd be back a little late from Dorothy's tonight."

Mary gave his tired head a quick, fierce hug to her breast. "You goose! You never hear anything but the last few words I say. I'll be home early tonight, not late. And we'll plan what to do, as we used to—together."

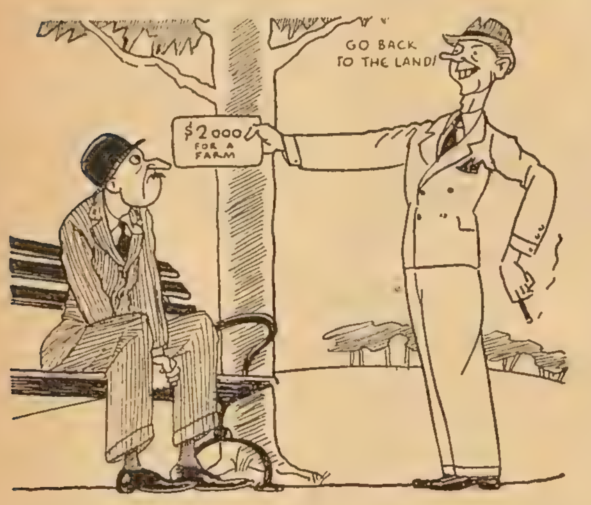
THE END

# Vox

### *"Back to the Farm—Is It the Remedy?"*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Many people think the back-to-the-farm movement, which seems to be growing by leaps and bounds, is the bunk. But any skeptic who could read your editorial, "Back to the Farm—Is It the Remedy?" and still remain a skeptic, simply hasn't got good sense.

The wealthy people who are planning to give additional donations to "make work" for the unemployed—at best a temporary expedient—might better reconsider and put their money into projects for sending jobless men back to the land.


GO BACK TO THE LAND!
$2000 FOR A FARM

I'm not a rich man—far from it—but if I had ten thousand dollars I could spare I'd rather send five unemployed men and their families back to the soil than do anything else I could think of.—*A Man Who Loves the Land.*

LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.—Don't send your luckless city poor to the farm. They could not and would not work a farm, and few would remain after the subsidy ceased. In addition to food they would need clothing, books, schooling, and medical attention.

From where would these be had?—*Dr. B. B. McGee.*

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—You are an ardent advocate of the back-to-the-farm movement. The idea is good, but impracticable for the millions of idle in the cities who have no means to get a farm, or knowledge of how to run one. Yet these are the people who most need relief.

A large amount of unimproved property in our cities is available for truck gardening. Thousands of people living on charity maintain back yards of weeds and trash. All this property can be converted into valuable truck gardens and many idle people would use it for that purpose if they had the means, equipment, knowledge, and initiative.

It is proposed that our city governments take determined steps to have these potential gardens cultivated by the idle. The work should be aggressively conducted as an established branch of every city government, with a competent director in charge, in order to secure the one-hundred-per-cent cooperation of the citizens in the movement.

The owners of unimproved property would be canvassed and available lots recorded. A canvass of the unemployed would be made and the lots assigned to them. The city would provide equipment and competent workmen, who would plow the land and help prepare it for cultivation. Seeds and tools would be supplied free when necessary.

Most of the jobless are helpless, unorganized, and without the leadership required for the practical application of suggested relief measures.

We cannot help them by telling them to pack up and leave their homes in the cities and go to the farm. We must bring the farm to them and show them how to use it. The city farm movement would provide a much needed check against the loss of morale among the idle.

This appeal is nation-wide, but through my own efforts only. Sponsored by Liberty, those efforts would be doubly effective.—*John Adams Guissinger.*

OAK PARK, ILL.—I have been reading Liberty for the past two years and like its progressive stand, and the straightforward manner in which it faces the nation's problems.

Especially am I pleased with the attitude that you take on the depression and unemployment situation as expressed in both articles and editorials.

Lloyd Moore

This city has spent upwards of twenty millions of dollars in the last year. It is gone, and soon we will hear the hue and cry for more and larger donations—for what and to what end?

The destitute of the nation cannot be carried indefinitely by charity of any kind.

The strain is too great.

The year 1932 does not seem to be bringing any great change so far, nor do I look for any sudden change at any time. These conditions are the product of these times, so the sooner we face the facts the sooner we will begin to feel normal.

On with the back-to-the-land crusade! —*Lloyd Moore.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—Your back-to-the-land idea is O. K.

Now, if all you mugs that are running Liberty would go back to the land and let Viña Delmar and Dorothy Cottrell have the whole darn' paper, it would be just what this country needs!—*Geo. W. Hall.*

### *Too Bad He Didn't Know What You Were Thinking*

STARKE, FLA.—Ain't Will Irwin wonderful! In "These Whispers About Mr. Hoover," after what we assume to be a profound study of the Hoover scandal books and articles, he actually discovers that Hoover has a sense of humor! Also that he has a human side, is "infinitely tender," and that "more guests have week-ended at the White House" than during any other administration. He tells us Hoover is an expert fisherman and has an appreciation of the dramatic qualities of movies.

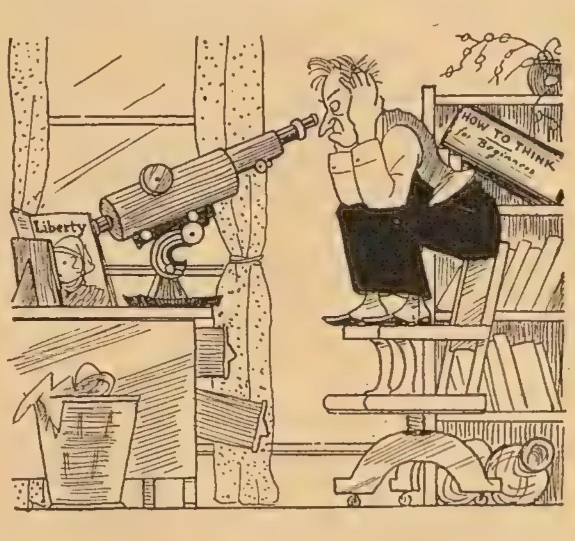
All very fine. But as any sort of refutation of the scandal books—and we thought he'd attempt a full refutation—it is worth about as much as were German marks some years ago. Frankly, we should accord some meed of approbation to Will. Any man who will make a stab at making bricks with neither water, clay, nor straw deserves some acclaim.—*W. W. W.*

### *But See How Swell It Looks Now, with Your Letter in It*

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—The more nickels I invest in your magazine the poorer it becomes. Maybe it would get better if I quit buying.—*Dumb Dora.*

### *The Champion Ponderer*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Being a habitual reader of three nationally famous magazines, one of which is your publication, I decided to scientifically analyze all of the three, with a view to determining, from the evidence, which one had the edge on the others. I decided to list the outstanding qualities of each magazine, and draw my conclusions from the tabulated data. Starting with Liberty, I began the list as follows:


Liberty
HOW TO THINK for Beginners

LIBERTY'S GOOD FEATURES:

1. Small convenient size, easy to read while eating in restaurant.
2. ....................................

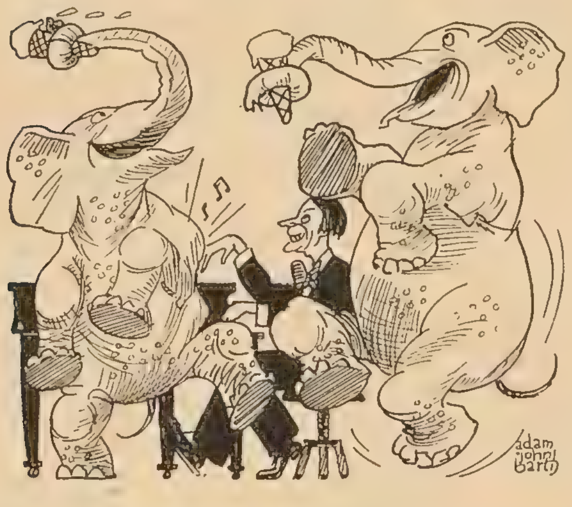
And do you know that, after pondering for about four hours, and peering at a Liberty through a microscope, I couldn't think of another darn' thing to add to the list.—*C. H. B.*

# Pop

## Look Out They Don't Catch Up with You

NEW YORK, N. Y.—William Seabrook's article, "The Dance of the Hippos," with its description of those strangely colored, music-loving hippopotamuses, reminded me of a little experience of my own when I lived in Africa.

After I got home from the office at night I used to start out with my piano under one arm and a flock of ice-cream cones in the other and take a cab out to the jungle.



Then I would sit and play for hours at a time, and the elephants would sit around in a big circle, eating the ice-cream cones and swaying from side to side with the rhythm of the music. Occasionally one of them would get up and do the black bottom.

Elephants, by the way, are a beautiful shade of light green with pink dots when they are in the wild state—and these elephants sure were a wild lot.

We threw some pretty wild parties, these elephants and I.—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

## One for Our Side

ATTICA, N. Y.—Liberty constantly reminds me of a certain happy young man in this town who finds his greatest amusement in constantly saying something to make one person or a group of persons fearfully agitated. He loves arguments concerning really important issues and likes to see the best man win.

His views are broad and his company is enjoyed by persons who are desirous of gaining worth-while information on almost any current topic.

On the other hand, his very presence is loathed by those who are constantly afraid of having either their ignorance or their discrepancies in business exposed.

Mrs. Earl D. Bush

Your editorials are always on seasonable topics and even if they did not come first in Liberty I would read them just because they somehow never fail to "set the old thinker going." If I have to lay the magazine down for a while I'm bound to want to get to reading it again as soon as possible.

You editors of Liberty are surely doing your bit to keep the minds of the public alert.—*Mrs. Earl D. Bush.*

## Well, We Didn't Ask You

BERKELEY, CALIF.—If you ask me, the only good five-cent magazines are the ones that cost twenty-five cents.—*A Vox Phooey Hater.*

## Higher Contest Mathematics

OAKLAND, CALIF.—For nearly eight years I have mailed in an entry to every contest Liberty has perpetrated, from limericks to picture puzzles, and never once have I made even the dollar-winning also-rans. But am I discouraged? No, indeed! For I am staking all on the famous law of averages. I have figured it all out like this.

Liberty sells only two million and a half copies a week, and that probably means that no more than one million and a half people enter contests as regularly as I do.

So if Liberty does not weaken in its circulation, my entry (providing I live long enough and I am still youngish and healthy) will sometime be among the few that escape hitting the trash basket unopened. For every true contest fan knows in his own mind that only the failure of the judges to read his entry has kept him out of the first prize.

Therefore, every day, the law of averages brings me nearer to winning a prize large enough to offset the $9.52 postage my entries have cost to date.—*Idiot or Optimist?*

## Uh-huh, and We'll Pay Mickey in Cheese

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a wonderful actor and I always liked him on the screen—but I don't like him as a writer. Maybe Mickey Mouse will write a story before long, and if he does I bet you will print it. At that, it probably will be better than "Gay Love."—*John S. Richardson.*

## An Ice Cube in an Oven Would Have a Better Chance

LAKE ERIE, MICH.—I am thinking of getting married.

That is, I am giving the women a second look.

If I should say to a girl, "I am forty years old and have all the bad habits but one—I don't read Liberty," do you think I would be accepted?—*M. S.*

## You Said It, Tom

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Allow me to congratulate you on putting out—in my estimation—the best magazine of its kind I've ever read.

Keep it going just as it is. To h—— with the squawkers!—*Thomas Crockett.*

## More Thinking, Less Rooting

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Having read from time to time the various articles that have appeared in your weekly, I am led to the belief that the underlying cause of our political, economic, and social ills is indifference on the part of the average voter.

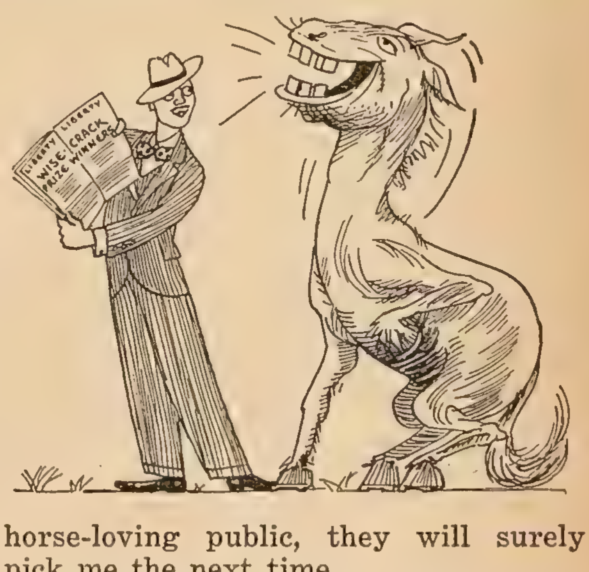
Arvid E. Gilmount

If men and women between voting age and forty-five would give as much thought and time to the business of government (federal, state, and city), and to social-economic conditions, as they give to baseball, football, prize fights, golf, contract bridge, Hollywood gossip, the sporting page, and Amos 'n' Andy, such serious problems as unemployment, taxation, prohibition, frenzied finance, the exodus of American spending money, and racketeering soon would be solved.

But there is little hope for an improvement as long as a business man will find time to travel from Los Angeles to South Bend to witness a football game but can't spare a few minutes to step across the street to vote, though the issues involved in the election may affect his home and business.—*Arvid E. Gilmount.*

## Horse Feathers!

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A scientist or two has decreed that dogs have souls and horses laugh. When those wise pickers of Wise-Crack prize winners find out the great good I did for Liberty and the horse-loving public, they will surely pick me the next time.



I herewith reluctantly disclose the secret:

I was the guy who, by ceaseless efforts, prevented copies of Liberty from reaching the Louisville race-track training quarters so there could be a Derby run.

If the horses had read those Wise-Crack answers, they'd have horse-laughed themselves to death.

Just try it on your own horse!—*M. Mencloak.*

# Down *with* Pigeons

## *By* ROBERT BENCHLEY

*Pictures by* Adam John Barth

*(Reading time: 6 minutes 5 seconds.)*

ST. FRANCIS of Assisi (unless I am getting him mixed up with St. Simeon Stylites, which might be very easy to do as both their names begin with "St.") was very fond of birds, and often had his picture taken with them sitting on his shoulders and pecking at his wrists. That was all right, if St. Francis liked it. We all have our likes and dislikes, and I have more of a feeling for dogs. However, I am not *against* birds as a class. I am just against pigeons.

I do not consider pigeons birds, in the first place. They are more in the nature of people, people who mooch. Probably my feeling about pigeons arises from the fact that all my life I have lived in rooms where pigeons came rumbling in and out of my window. I myself must have a certain morbid fascination for pigeons, because they follow me about so much—and with evident ill will. I am firmly convinced that they are trying to haunt me.

Although I live in the middle of a very large city (well, to show you how large it is—it is the largest in the world) I am awakened every morning by a low gargling sound which turns out to be the result of one, or two, or three pigeons walking in at my window and sneering at me. Granted that I am a fit subject for sneering as I lie there, possibly with one shoe on or an unattractive expression on my face, but there is something more than just a passing criticism in these birds making remarks about me. They have some ugly scheme on foot against me, and I know it. Sooner or later it will come out, and then I can sue.

This thing has been going on ever since I was in college. In our college everybody was very proud of the pigeons. Anyone walking across the Yard (Campus to you, please) was beset by large birds who insisted on climbing up his waistcoat and looking about in his wallet for nuts or raisins or whatever it is you feed pigeons (bichloride would be my suggestion, but let it pass).

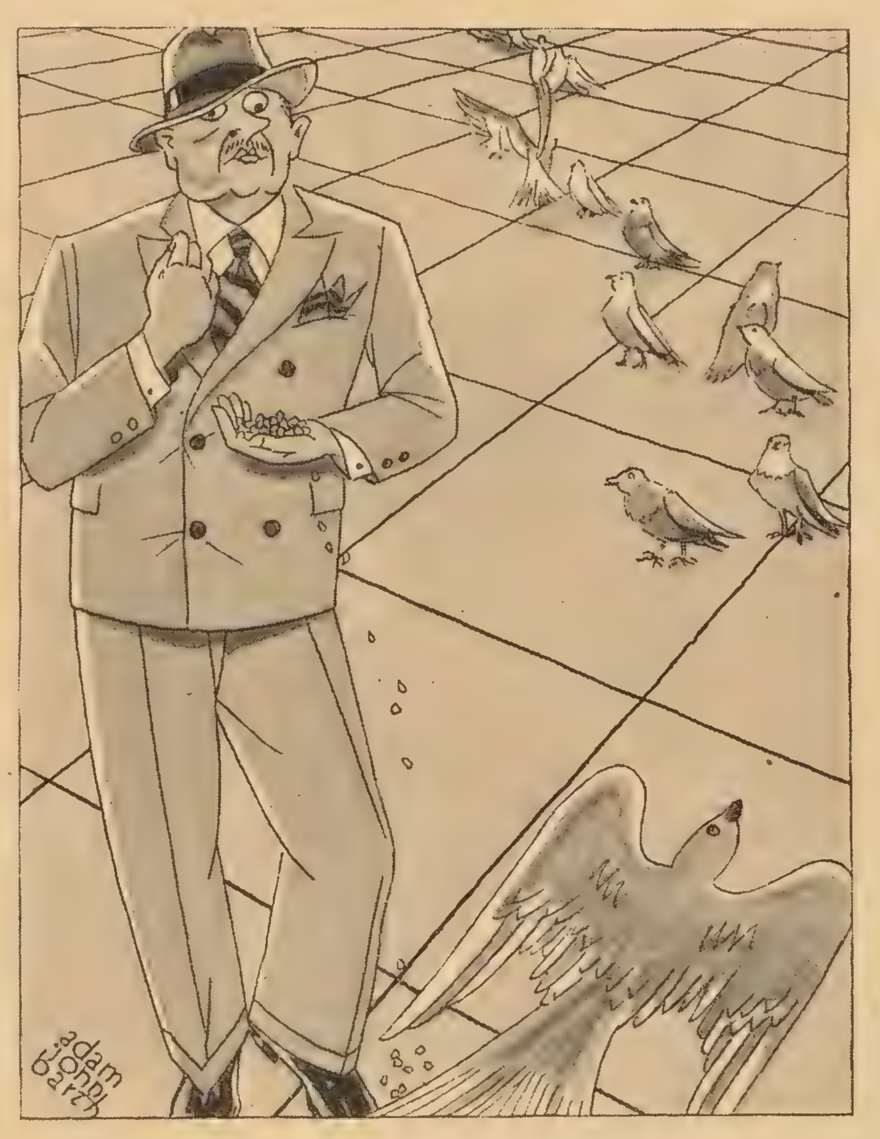
God knows that I was decent enough to them in my undergraduate days. I let them walk up and down my back and I tried to be as nice as I could without actually letting them see that I was not so crazy about it. I even gave them chestnuts, chestnuts which I wanted myself. I now regret my generosity, for good chestnuts are hard to get these days, what with the blight and the Depression and everything.

But somehow the word got around in pigeon circles that Benchley was antipigeon. They began pestering me.

six thirty in the morning the Big Parade would begin. The line of march was as follows: Light on Benchley's window sill, march once in through the open window, going "Grumble-grumble-grumble" in a sinister tone. Then out and stand on the sill, urging other pigeons to come in and take a crack at it.

There is very little fun in waking up with a headache and hearing an ominous murmuring noise, with just the suggestion of a passing shadow moving across your window sill. No man should be asked to submit to this *all* his life.

I once went to Venice (Italy), and there, with the rest of the tourists, stood in awe in the center of St. Mark's Piazza, gazing at the stately portals of the church and at the lovely green drinks served at Florian's for those who don't want to look at the church all of the time.

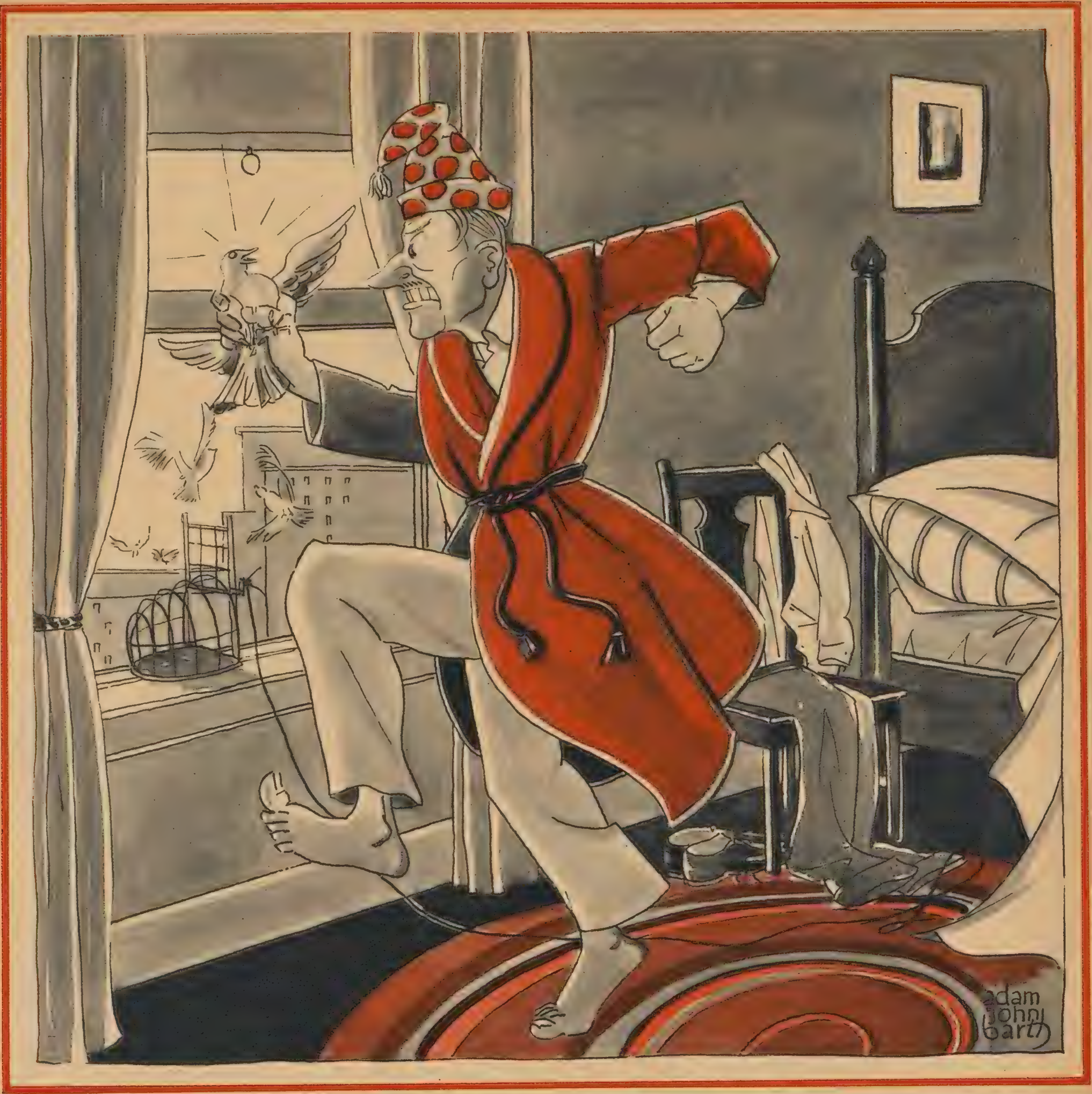


*For the first time in centuries no pigeon fell for the corn gag.*

IT is an age-old custom for tourists to feed corn to the pigeons and then for the pigeons to crawl all over the tourists. This has been going on without interruption ever since Americans discovered Venice. So far as the records show, no pigeon has ever failed a tourist—and no tourist has ever failed a pigeon. It is a very pretty relationship.

In my case, however, it was different. In the first place, the St. Mark's pigeons, having received word from the American chapter of their lodge, began flying at me in such numbers and with such force as actually to endanger my life. They came in great droves, all flying low and hard, just barely skimming my hat and whirring in an ugly fashion with some idea of intimidating me. But by that time I was not to be intimidated, and, although I ducked very low and lost my hat several times, I did not give in. I even bought some corn from one of the venders and held it out in my hand, albeit with bad grace. But, for the first time in centuries, no pigeon fell for the corn gag. I stood alone in the middle of St. Mark's Square, holding out my hand dripping with kernels of golden corn, and was openly and deliberately snubbed. One or two of the creatures walked up to within about ten feet of me and gave me a nasty look, but not one gave my corn a tumble. So I decided the hell with them and ate the corn myself.

Now this sort of thing must be the result of a very definite boycott, or, in its more aggressive stage, an anti-Benchley campaign. Left to myself, I would have only the very friendliest feelings for pigeons (it is too late now, but I might once have been won over). But having been put on my mettle, there is nothing that I can do



*The next pigeon that strolls in across my window ledge when I am just awakening, I will catch and drag into my room, there to punch the living daylights out of him.*

now but fight back. Whatever I may be, I am not yellow.

Here is my plan. I know that I am alone in this fight, for most people like pigeons, or, at any rate, are not antagonized by them. But single-handed I will take up the cudgels, and I hope that, when they grow up, my boys will carry on the battle on every cornice and every campus in the land.

Whenever I meet a pigeon, whether it be on my own window sill or walking across a public park, I will stop still and place my hands on my hips and wait. If the pigeon wants to make the first move and attack me, I will definitely strike back, even to the extent of hitting it with my open palm and knocking it senseless (not a very difficult feat, I should think, as they seem to have very little sense).

If they prefer to fight it out by innuendo and sneering, I will fight it out by innuendo and sneering. I have worked up a noise which I can make in my throat which is just as unpleasant sounding as theirs. I will even take advantage of my God-given power of speech and will say: "Well, what do you want to make of it, you waddling, cooing so-and-sos?" I will glare at them just as they glare at me, and if they come within reach of my foot, so help me, St. Francis, I will kick at them. *And* the next pigeon that strolls in across my window ledge when I am just awakening, I will catch with an especially prepared trap and will drag into my room, there to punch the living daylights out of him.

I know that this sounds very cruel and very much as if I were an animal hater. As a matter of fact, I am such a friend of animals in general that I am practically penniless at the advanced age of eighty-three.

I have been known to take in dogs who were obviously impostors and put them through college. I am a sucker for kittens, even though I know that one day they will grow into cats who will betray and traduce me. I have even been known to pat a tiger cub, which accounts for my writing this article with my left hand.

But as far as pigeons go, I am through. It is a war to the death, and I have a horrible feeling that the pigeons are going to win.

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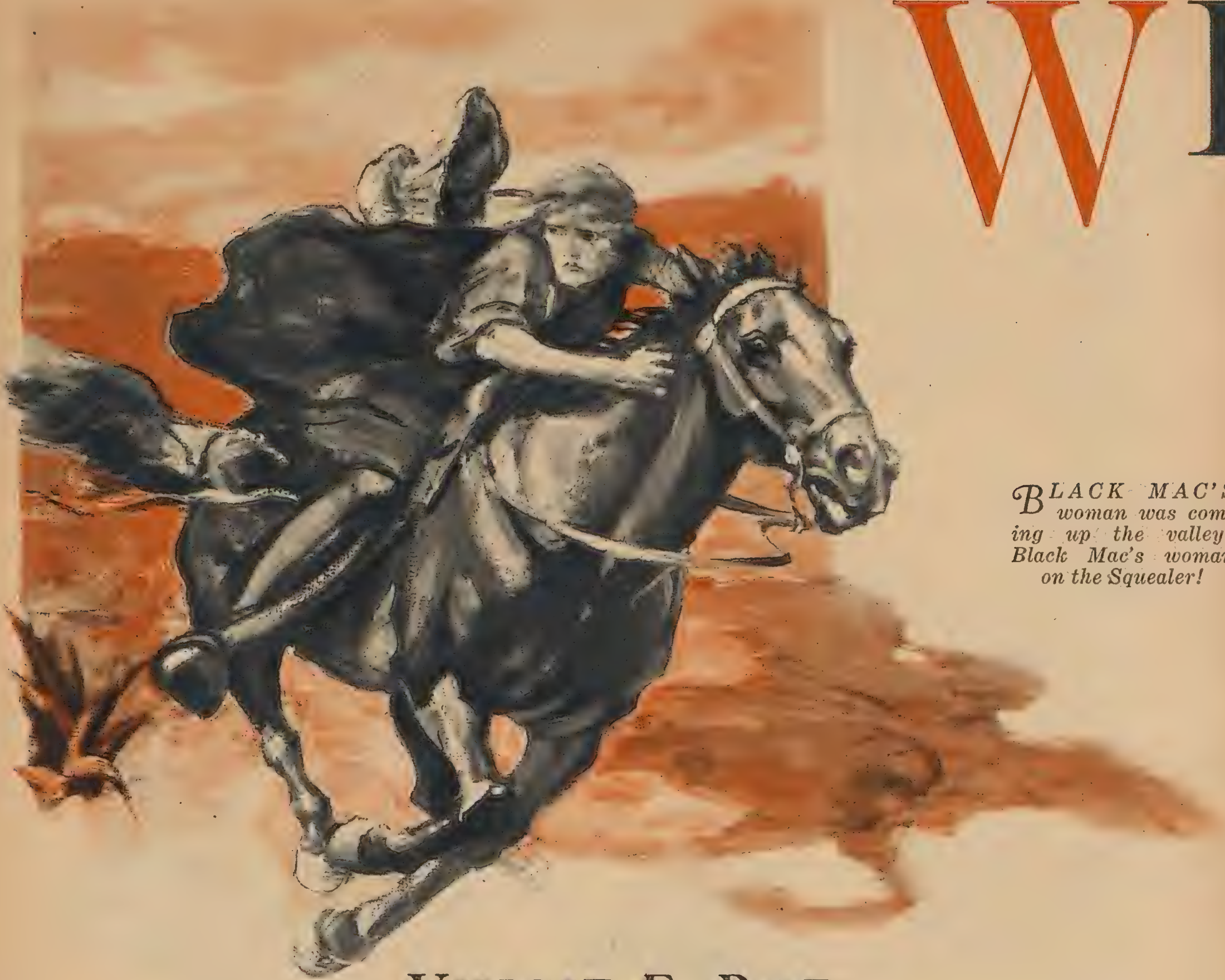
*Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.*

# WI



*BLACK MAC'S woman was coming up the valley! Black Mac's woman on the Squealer!*

### *By* VINGIE E. ROE

*Pictures by* DELOS PALMER

*(Reading time: 32 minutes 45 seconds.)*

*THIS is a story of death and devotion in that region of the West where Black MacDonald and his villainous gang were trying to force John Gleason to abandon his ranch. While the feud raged Gleason's daughter, Jane, found a wounded and fear-haunted man in the brush. She hid him in a cave where, secretly ministering to him, she fell in love with him. Bob Salters, who had long adored Jane, became suspicious. The Indian cook, Belle, going at night to her kitchen, heard a low sound.*

## PART SIX—THE STORM BURSTS

"HUH!" said Belle guardedly. "Here?"

"I'm—here," said the dull voice of Jane Gleason, panting. "By the—table."

With startling quickness Belle was beside her, her hand on Jane's shoulder.

"What matter?" she asked sharply. "You hurt?"

In the darkness of the silent kitchen Jane turned toward her a dead-white face. "Bob Salters," she said thickly—"I hope you killed him with your brew! The treacherous dog! My—my—Belle, my Sam Four Sleeps—my man—is gone! Gone, slick and clean! Someone took him, Belle—took him from where I had him hidden. He couldn't walk. They came and got him—took him quick, without a chance, for he didn't take his little things—his razor and his cigarettes!"

"But Bob," Belle said, puzzled, "he be'n here all day. You know. You see."

"Sure I see," said Jane bitterly. "It wasn't Bob who took him, himself. It was—was someone from the town. The sheriff, Belle. There—was reason, I suppose. And Bob went to Maulin the other day—in the car. On business, he said. Own business. Yes—bitter business! For me."

"H'm," said Belle, for once in her placid life taken aback, at a loss.

"Gone," said Jane dully. "Oh, Belle!"

And the big girl fell to whimpering, her face bowed in her hands, as Pomo Belle guided her erratic steps carefully through the silent house.

. . . . .

For days Jane kept her bed, lying inert and uncaring to all intents, though when her father and the boys were absent she wept and wept and beat the pillows with her hands.

She did not know what to do, where to turn, to learn the whereabouts or condition of the man who meant so much to her.

Her father was anxious and all for sending for the Maulin doctor. But Jane would not hear of this.

"Why, John," she said, "I'm just tired. I'll be O. K. in a little while. If I don't feel better in a day or two I'll let you know and you can bring him. No use spending all that money uselessly."

"Honey," said Boss John, "this ranch and all it has would be little to spend on you if necessary."

# LD HEARTS

### *The Man Who Vanished—Devilish Work by Black Mac's Band—Slow Weaving of a Net—Jane's Lie—A Dying Woman Brings Startling News*

"Not necessary. I'll be out of here soon and riding Gray Hawk again. Don't you fret."

"Want to see Bob?" the boss inquired, smiling. "Sometimes a young man's company is right potent in a case like this."

To save her life Jane could not help the flash of horror which passed across her face.

"No," she managed to say—"no. Don't want anybody but you and Barb and Sammy."

"What's the matter?" he wanted to know. "You and Bob fall out? Hope not. Bob's a fine boy. Like my own flesh to me. I been hoping you and he would like each other enough so's he'd never leave Sweet Waters. Kind of scheme of mine."

But here Jane turned her face to the wall and, groping, caught her father's hand.

"Well," he said comfortably, "you hurry up and get well."

"I will," promised Jane. "I'm not really sick, John. Just tired."

BY the end of that week she was able to be up and around the house, though her knees shook.

It seemed to her that never again could she ride the ringing levels of the sage, never go near the Rim rock to look down at the smiling pageant of the valley spread out below.

Surely she must hear some talk of Sheriff Henter's capture of a stranger. But though she questioned her father guardedly she heard nothing. There seemed to be nothing unusual in the air.

The first time she came to dinner in the dining room, Bob came in with the rest. He looked at her across the table with eyes as haggard as her own, and it was war between them—war to the death.

It was so apparent that Boss John laid down the knife and fork he had picked up.

"Honey," he said, "and Bob—we know there's something happened between you two, and we're not asking what it is. Every person's business is his own. But do you think it's bad enough to make open breach? Couldn't you both sign a truce, sort of, so's it'd be easier on the rest of us? You know, two people in a household who aren't speaking are a mighty embarrassing thing. We all hate to see it."

"Me, I'm ready any minute to talk to Jane," said Bob quietly. "I was

[CON'T ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page forty-nine

waiting for her." But here Jane looked up.

"John," she said thickly by reason of the slow rage which sight of Bob had stirred in her, "don't ask me that. And don't ask me to explain. Something has happened between Bob and me, yes, and it's final. Just let us go along as best we can. I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

Bob rose from his chair and looked across at the old man. "She's right, boss," he said, "and it's for you to put the last touch on it—"

At that Jane swayed forward, her eyes dark upon him.

"We are at outs, Jane and I, and if I do what I'm supposed to do I'll clear out. That is, if I consider only Jane. I don't. I consider you. It's for you to say. Shall I go?"

"Sit down, son," said John Gleason, "and stop the dramatics. I was young once myself. Five years from now I bet neither you nor Jane'll know what you fussed about. Eat your dinner, both of you. I refuse to take you seriously."

So Bob sat down again; and if he admired Boss John before, he loved him like a father now for his understanding.

"Thanks, boss," he said, and addressed himself to his plate.

In two days the vigor of Jane's young body asserted itself, so that she felt as well physically as ever. It was her mind that was ill, her soul, her heart. Such tearing anxiety as she had not dreamed possible ate at her night and day. But Pomo Belle was a mountain of strength, a never-failing source of comfort and advice.

"You be still," she told her now, "like quail wait in brush, like fawn wait for mother. Your Sam Four Sleeps he think of you. No matter where, always think of you, forever, till die. He let you know some time, some way. Mebbe letter. Mebbe someone bring word. You see."

SO Jane took up her life where she had laid it down, it seemed, that long-past day when she had found him dying in the sage. She rode in daytime now, boldly, all up and down the valley, in plain sight of Bob, who watched her in strained silence.

She could not bring herself to climb Hanging Road to Sundown Gap, to ride the high plateau. The sense of her loss was too poignant, the memories too bitter-sweet.

She went south one soft gold day, and rode into that rugged and beautiful country which had seen Ben Sask's death. She knew Boss John would not like it, and that Bob was probably watching her out of sight with the high-powered glasses. She knew, too, that this was near that invisible border line which divided her father's range from that of Black MacDonald. Up in here lay Little One Spring and, farther back, Juniper. It had been long since she had ridden here.

But today she felt she must go high and far to ease the unrest in her. Her thoughts made her ride with unseeing eyes fixed upon the sad beauty of the land about. She was on the high shoulder of the ridge before she was aware. It was Gray Hawk's actions which at last recalled her. A nervousness was in him, a stopping, not to rest, but with his head up, high on his neck, eyes wide and bright, nostrils distended.

"What's the matter with you, fella?" Jane said.

She reached forward to stroke the silver neck and found it wet with sweat. Strange! This was a stiff climb, but Gray Hawk was so tough, so strong, so used to going, that he was not usually affected by such exertion to this extent. He was sweating freely.

"Scared!" she told herself. "The Hawk—of all horses!"

Alert now in every fiber, she rose in her stirrups and looked all around. And then she became conscious of a taint upon the air, the smell of rotting flesh which all mountain people know so well.

Under her urge Gray Hawk stepped forward gingerly. And presently, around a clump of manzanita, they came upon a sight which made the stallion jump back, snorting.

Three red steers lay there not twenty feet apart, their hides stretched full of bloat, their legs sticking out grotesquely. The scent of their death was ascending to heaven like a dumb prayer for justice.

"Huh," said Jane wonderingly. "Got a weed, I bet. Must be wild parsnip about."

But she dismounted, dropped her rein, and went forward to examine them. Beside every carcass there lay, dark in the sun and dried, a wide splotch of blood. In every animal there was a bullet hole.

Jane Gleason shut her open mouth, mounted, and rode away. But she rode now straight up in her saddle, her dark eyes searching the country like those of a hawk. And she found much to see. Very much indeed on every slope she rode, on every ridge, on every little shoulder of the giant hills. At Juniper Spring and at Little One, in the shadows of trees and in the sunny glades, everywhere, in all the country bordering that mystic line between the ranges, she found John Gleason's fat steers—dead! The beef drive, that was to have brought Sweet Waters Ranch the money it so sorely needed, lay rotting in the sun.

Despite all their riding, all their care!

The boys had seen these cattle alive a few days back.

Still searching, counting as she went, the girl rode north along the Saw Tooth far above the green floor. The ghastly work lessened as she traveled, and, as she finally came parallel with the ranch house and stable far below, ceased altogether, and she met living cattle.

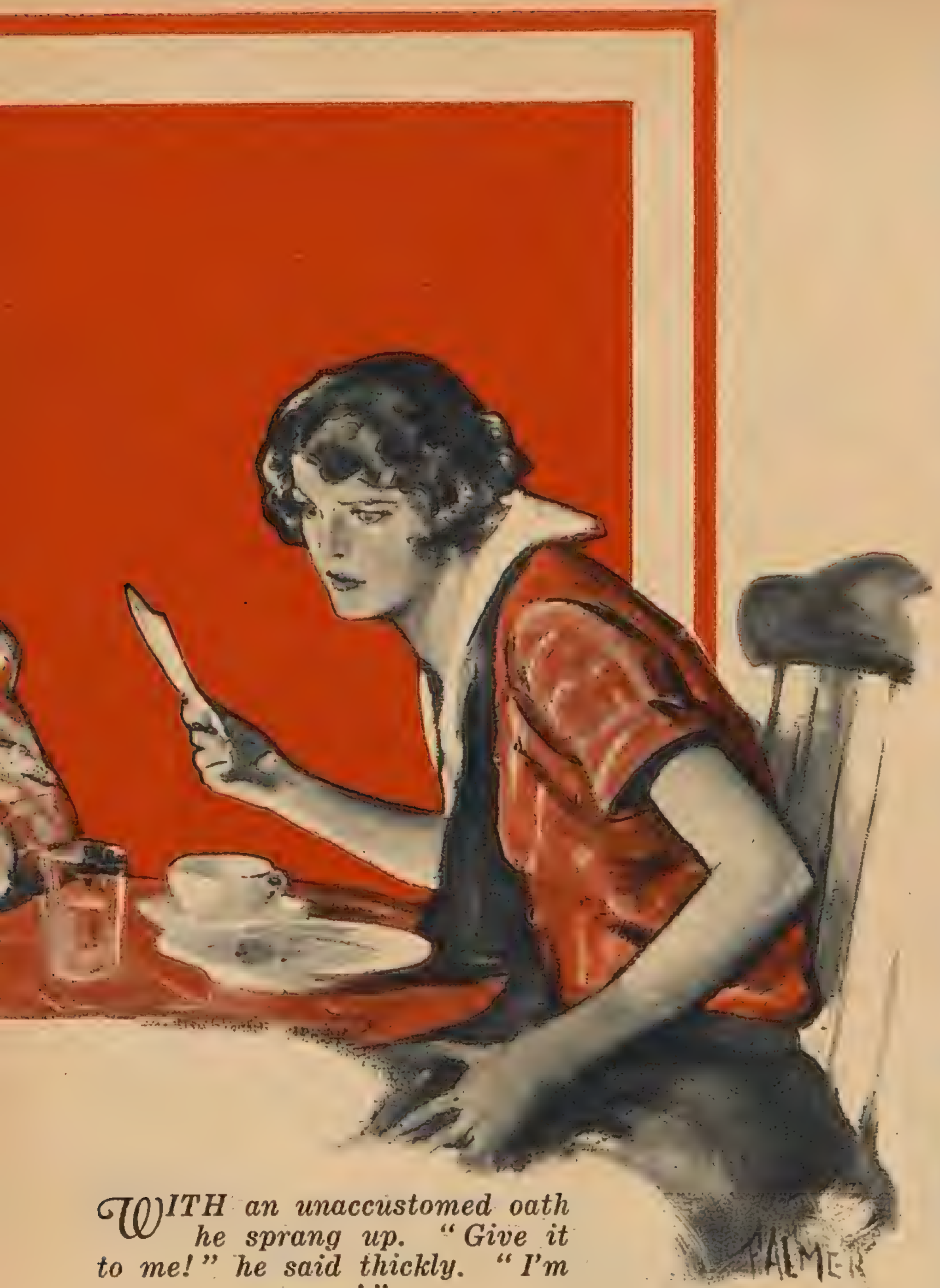
But she had seen enough to know that John Gleason had lost the profit—and more than that—on a whole year's work; that he would have no money wherewith to pay his faithful riders, to keep his credit clear at Maulin.

Disaster had struck, and with a heavy hand!

## II

IT was clear dark when she rode slowly in at Sweet Waters, and Boss John himself was just climbing into Starwind's saddle to go out in search of her. Bob was already mounted on Smoky and waiting.

"Honey," said the boss relievedly, "you're my one worst bet on the worry line! I do wish you'd come home before dark."



*WITH an unaccustomed oath he sprang up. "Give it to me!" he said thickly. "I'm sorry!"*

"John," said Jane as if she had not heard the inconsequential words, "I've been all along the side of Blue Sage Range under the Saw Tooth—and your beef drive has been slaughtered! I counted four hundred and eighty-seven dead steers—all shot."

Utter silence followed her words.

John Gleason stood a long time beside Starwind, his hand resting on the pommel of the saddle. Then he sighed and held out his rein to Bob, who had dismounted and stepped softly near. Without a word he passed up the path and in at the ranch-house door.

JANE led Gray Hawk to the stone barn, and heard Bob following with Starwind. In silence they put the horses away for the night, and as she came out the door Jane found Bob waiting. She made to pass him swiftly, but he caught her arm and held her.

"You've got to listen to me, Jane," he said steadily. "Lord knows I'm sick enough of the whole business to go, and go now, but I believe in my heart that Boss John is going to need his riders, and won't leave. But why on earth can't you play the game, just in his presence anyway? Let's not make it any harder for him."

"So?" said Jane, and she felt the breath beginning to flutter in her nostrils with rage. "So? You ask me to play a game? I whom you have betrayed like the dirtiest spy that ever lived? Ha! I thought you were smarter than that!"

"You talk like a fool!" said Bob. "I've only tried to keep you from disgracing the old man by being caught with some one of his enemies! You make me sick!"

"You make me more than sick!" cried Jane. "You've made me almost a criminal, for I'd love to kill you where you stand!"

Bob, angry as he was, felt astonished. "Kill me, eh? You have changed, Jane Gleason, and not through me. Whatever truck you've had with Black Mac or his gang has blinded your eyes to your own allegiance. I hope to heaven Boss John don't live to know what I know of you. It would be the last stroke to break him, heart and soul."

"What you know of me!" cried the girl. "What you don't know of me, when you talk like that! I told you once I've had no truck with MacDonald or any of his ki—"

She stopped and swallowed.

"*Nor his kind!*" she went on defiantly. "The man you found in Old Coyote's Cave and betrayed to that beast of a sheriff at Maulin was not his kind at heart, I'd swear with my last breath! And you who turned him over—weak, sick, hunted—oh, my God!" A sob broke and she bent her head down on her hands clasped together.

Bob Salters laid a stern hand on her arm and shook her.

"What's all this?" he demanded sharply. "What man in Coyote's Cave? What are you trying to say?"

The girl flung him off and wild laughter hiccuped through her tears.

"Fine actor!" she jerked. "You should go in the movies. As if you don't know! Oh, heaven! How I hate you for it all! You struck me to the bone when you struck the man I love. My own man—my—Sam Four Sleeps!"

The low and furious voice thickened once again with weeping.

Bob looked at her with strained blue eyes that suffered with every sob that shook her. Presently he spoke, and the sharp anger had gone from his voice.

"You may think what you will, Jane," he said gravely. "But I want to say once and for all that I never saw you go to Old Coyote's Cave, that I have never been there since the time we caught its owner, and as for any man who may have been there—well, it's all Greek to me. I don't know anything about it."

Jane raised her head, wiped her face with trembling hands.

"A liar too," she said, and turned away into the night.

### III

ONCE again Bob Salters went to Maulin.

"Let me go, boss," he had urged John Gleason. "You're worn to a ragged edge with worry. Let me go and tell the Maulin men about this last outrage. I'm older than Barb, and I'm as much your son at heart."

And Boss John had consented, sitting at his big desk idly fiddling with a stub of pencil.

"It's with the men of Maulin that I'm going to talk, not with Sheriff Henter. There's nothing to be gained from him. That little Mr. Stead is worth a dozen of him. And Pete Smith and Towner and Carston. I've talked with them all before, and the time is ripe for a rising against Black Mac and his outfit. This may set the torch to the tinder."

So Bob drove the rattling old flivver along the windy sage and into the little town hung on its great red cliff above the Deschutes River.

He saw Sheriff Henter swaggering along its streets with his hat at an angle above his hatchet face, his rat-eyed deputy beside him like his faithful shadow. They passed him face to face, but Bob Salters made no move to speak.

He found Mr. Stead at his little unpainted building which had stood for finale to so many humble lives.

"Glad to see you, young man," the coroner told him, shaking hands.

"Mr. Stead," said Bob gravely, "I've come to report something; and knowing how useless it'd be to tell the sheriff, I've come to you."

"Good place," said Mr. Stead shortly. "I'm open to all knowledge."

"And a user of it, I believe. Mr. Stead—all the cattle which John Gleason had about ready for the fall drive—his fat red steers—were killed last week. Nearly six hundred head, according to our last count. And they all lay to the south, where our range joins MacDonald's. Shot! Every one. With soft-nosed bullets. You know what that means to Gleason."

"My God!" said the coroner, aghast. "What a low trick! What a blow! I'll say I know! It means he'll go broke another year, most likely!"

"And you know who did it," said Bob.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-one

“I know what I think—who I *think* did it. Facts only stand in court, young man.”

“I know,” said Bob. “But I wanted you to know about this, anyway.”

“I'm glad to know. In fact, I've been for some time piecing a quilt. Regular quilt, like our mothers and grandmothers used to make of all sorts and descriptions of little pieces of cloth. This matter of the slaughtered steers, now, it looks to me like a spool of thread. Takes lots of thread to sew a quilt together.

“I've got some more, too—a deal in land, for one thing. Also some letters from Los Angeles, down in California, and even some pictures. I'm no officer of the law like the sheriff, but a good deal of weight goes with my say-so just the same—and I've got a friend in the Police Department at Los Angeles. Went to school with him in Wyoming. Together we've pieced several quilts.”

“H'm,” said Bob, “I see. I thought you were the man to talk to.”

“You know, however,” said Mr. Stead hastily, “that this is all to be under your hat for the present. Now, you go out and find Pete Smith. He'll be at work in his blacksmith shop. You tell him about those steers.”

They shook hands. Then Bob went to find Pete Smith.

*“So? You ask me to play a game? I whom you have betrayed like the dirtiest spy that ever lived?”*

PETE got hold of Towner and Carston and several others who believed as they did, and the blacksmith shop turned into a caucus chamber. With a rare bit of foresight, young Smith stood close to his anvil and kept up an intermittent pounding with his hammer.

“Jed Barstow, Ben Sask, Gleason's young horses, and now his cattle,” said Towner. “It's a bit too much! Also Henter, who seems to stand as a buffer between Black Mac and any law we might have in this country. Sounds like Chicago in the rough.”

“But this,” said Smith, “is Oregon. This country was pioneered by men who made their own laws and enforced them. We're of that stock. And I, for one, am damned if I can sit by and see one man and a bunch of grinning cutthroats do anything they want to and get away with it. I'd like—”

He did not finish, for Mr. Stead came in and joined them.

“I'll talk a little bit now, but if any of you spill a word of what I say—to wife, sweetheart, *any* one—we may all regret it very much. Black MacDonald is no man to fool with. If we start anything we've got to be dead sure we can finish it. Take a look at these. See if you know any of them.”

He had taken from his pocket a flat package, which he now unsnapped from its confining rubber band and flared into a fan in his hand. The group leaned in a close circle at his back and shoulders, their eyes bent tensely on the photographs he held. In every instance these photographs were double, a full-face and a profile, and in five of the seven there was placed against the breast of the subject a white strip which contained a number. The men gazed in silence for a tense space. Then suddenly Smith ejaculated wonderingly, “Polk, or I'm a liar!”

“Yes—Polk. Number 785649,” said Stead.

“That's prison stuff!” cried one of the others.

“Sh-h,” said the coroner. “Not so loud. But that is right.”

“And that's Bissard!” said Bob Salters. “And this looks like one of his riders who's always with him. Don't know his name.”

“Name's Pillaro—here. When he had this picture taken it was”—Stead turned the cardboard over—“Wright, alias Horn, alias Riper. Wanted in Los Angeles County for robbery, in Arizona for murder, in West Virginia for arson. This one's from Texas—El Paso. I count it a prize, though there is a lot of uncertainty about it. Hope to make it certain by proof. I go a lot on proof. I want you boys to concentrate on it. Does anything about it look familiar to any of you?”

THE wide-eyed men leaned close and looked a long time.

“Stranger to me,” said Smith.

“Me too,” said Carston.

“Look again,” said Stead.

“Wait a minute,” said Bob. “There is something familiar there.”

The coroner covered the lower part of the face with his hand. “Now look,” he said.

“Sure,” said Bob. “It's the eyes. But still I don't know them.”

“Well, maybe I don't either, but I've got a fancy I do. They were a lot younger when their owner sat for this, for one thing—maybe fifteen years. As I said, there's a lot of uncertainty about this man, anyway. Here on the back it says he was a pretty bad hombre, a killer when he had the drop. Always when he had the drop. No taker of chances. And he's served two prison terms, one in Illinois and one in Kentucky. Escaped the latter place—killed a guard. Number's 621382. That's three of this bunch of beauties who belong to Black MacDonald, one mystery man with familiar eyes, and three unknowns. Quite an interesting exhibit, eh, boys?”

The men moved, drawing long breaths of amazement.

“I'll tell the world!” said one. “Black Mac's riders aren't cattlemen. They're ex-convicts and wanteds!”

“Exactly,” said Mr. Stead. “Now do you see why I ask you to keep a still tongue in your heads?”

“We do. And we'll keep it. Only tell us how you're going to proceed.”

“Not proceeding yet. Waiting for answers to several letters I've written—in connection with this mystery one."

"And Stone House in Cedar Roughs— My God! What a rendezvous! But why does he give them this sanctuary? What's his object? No one's got anything on Black Mac."

"Exactly again," said the coroner. "Figger that out for yourselves."

"H'm," said Pete Smith. "MacDonald's smart—and he's got money, lots of it. Maybe I see a little bit."

"Me too," said Carston. "Looks to me like some sort of racket stuff."

"These two others are complete strangers," said Mr. Stead, shuffling his exhibits. "One middle-aged and looks like a preacher, this other young and good-looking. I want you all to keep your eyes open for them. They robbed a bank in California some weeks ago and made a clean get-away, though the authorities were sure at the time that they had killed one of them. Disappeared without a clue. These are only guesswork leads, but were sent along with the rest just in case."

"Mr. Stead," said Bob Salters in an odd tone of voice, "will you let me take that last one—the young chap—home with me for a few days? I'll be as careful as you would and will return it soon. Got a hunch, sort of."

"Will if you'll promise to let no one see it who might spoil things."

"Yes, sir, I'll promise," said Bob.

Mr. Stead gave him the picture, and Bob put it in his pocket, noting as he did so that there was no bar sinister on it.

"Now, you boys scatter," said the coroner, "and wait for word from me. I think we're going to make a haul. But there're two I want particularly in the net—this mystery feller and Black MacDonald. And keep your tongues quiet and your eyes active. So long!"

BOB SALTERS rode home from the town along the scented sage, and grave thoughts rode with him—uneasy thoughts that had to do with Jane and her betraying words about a man and Old Coyote's Cave.

Jane. His Jane! He had thought of her so long like that.

The dear face of her, bright beneath its dusky curls; her old laughter and lightness, so dimmed and lost these days.

He knew now that it was not alone the trouble of Sweet Waters itself which had shut out the light of her, as it were, but some deep trouble of her own which had struck at her heart. It struck at him too.

And the pictured face in his breast pocket seemed somehow to be a fatal link in the chain that was leading up to tragedy. He felt a hatred for it, for the wild beauty of it, the tossing dark hair, the eyes that laughed out of it. He felt sorrow, too—sorrow for Jane and the thing he must do to her.

He had signed himself in this crusade, and not the world and all it held, it seemed, could turn him back.

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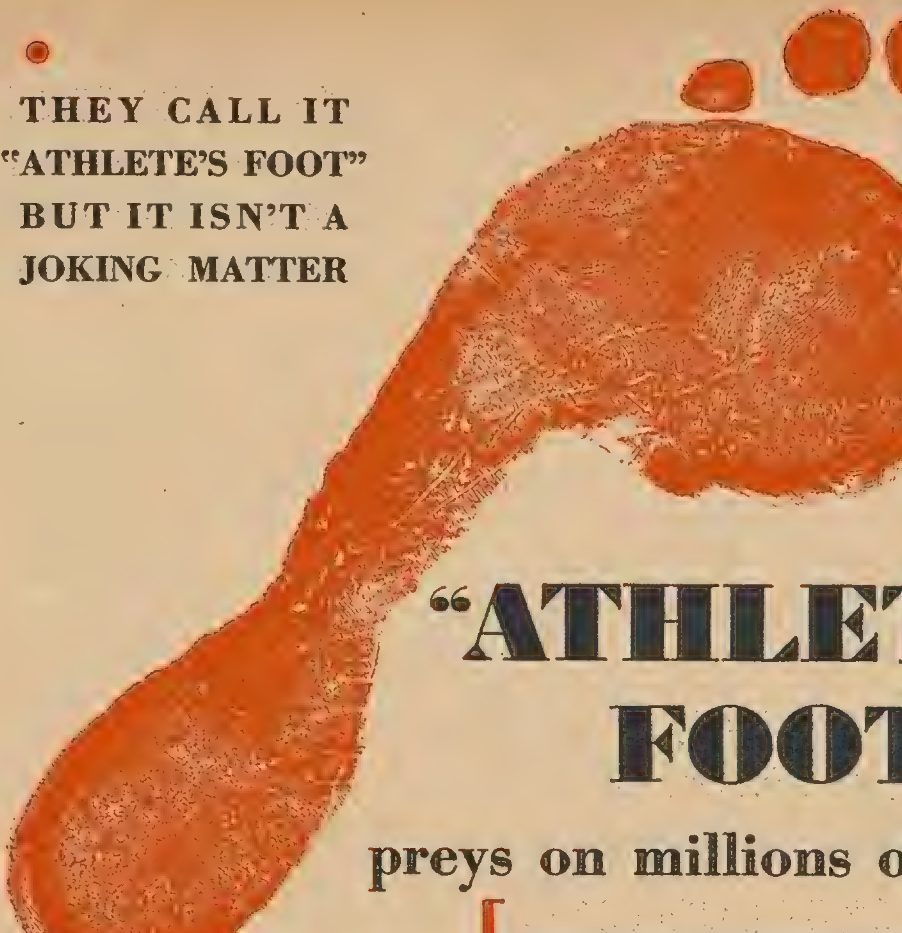


THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[ DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU! ]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

**Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds**

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

**Write for free sample**

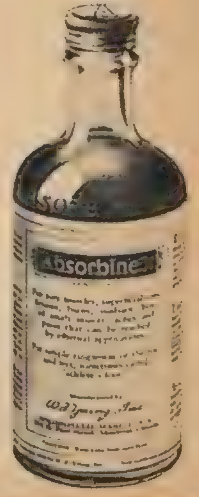
Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

**FOR SUNBURN, TOO!**

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



[WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three]

## IV

IT was evening again twenty-four hours later, and the men of Sweet Waters had gathered at the big table in the dining room. Boss John sat in his accustomed place at the table's head. The lines had deepened in his kindly face yet more and his eyes were haggard.

Boss John sighed, and tried to eat Belle's good food and could not, so that he pushed back his chair and made to rise.

"Boss," said Bob suddenly, fumbling in the pocket of his vest, "in telling you about the talk in Maulin yesterday I forgot to show you something. It's secret stuff and not to be spoken of. I told you that Mr. Stead had a bunch of pictures, sent from below. Here's one of them. Matter of identification, if possible.

"Wanted to know if any of us had ever seen this man. One of a pair of bank bandits in a recent holdup in the south, somewhere around Los Angeles. Was supposed to be fatally wounded but made a spectacular get-away."

John Gleason took the bit of cardboard which his rider handed to him, and the boys looked on wide-eyed. Only Jane did not look up. Bob, watching her covertly, saw a strange whiteness spread over her whole face. Her lips were the color of ashes.

The old man studied the photograph. Then he shook his head. "No," he said; "don't know him. Never saw him, to the best of my knowledge—and I don't forget a face. Good-looking boy. Any of you ever see him?"

He looked up and around the table. His glance passed Jane, flicked back to her, fixed on her steadily. Still looking at her, he reached for the picture which Barb had taken and slowly passed it to her.

"Honey," he said oddly, "did you ever see this man?"

It seemed as if his daughter's eyes were held down upon her plate beyond her power of raising. Her mouth was open; she did not seem to breathe. Wonderingly the boys regarded her.

"Janey," said young Steve suddenly, "don't be scared. There's worse than bank robbers in this man's country."

Inadvertently the boy had thrown a line to Jane who had been sinking. Quick as a flash she seized it, raised her great dark eyes to her father's face.

"John," she said with difficulty, "I am—am scared!"

"Go on," said Bob Salters gently. "Look at the picture, Jane."

OBEDIENTLY the girl reached and took it. Her dilated eyes could not, for a moment, focus themselves upon the wild, dark face that trembled in her trembling hands. Then they cleared, and out of the blur that had been her vision there rose in all its heady beauty the face she had first beheld against the rose and blue and lavender of twilight on the sage. The same laughing mouth above its sparkling teeth, the same bold eyes, the same arrogant head.

Her lips drooped together at the corners and a quivering set up in the muscles of her chin.

Bob Salters, watching, felt the sweat start in his palms. The agony that was in her heart was in his own.

With an unaccustomed oath he sprang up, kicking back his chair, and reached across the table for the damning thing. "Give it to me!" he said thickly. "I'm sorry! Shouldn't scare—"

But Jane Gleason had raised her eyes again to her father's face, and they were wanly smiling. "No, John," she said clearly; "I never saw him in my life."

Bob sank back again, his still outstretched arm resting on the table.

"Gallant girl!" he thought to himself. "Good daughter and good liar. But—*this is the man!*"

Yes, that was the man. Her Sam Four Sleeps, who had brought into her calm life the flame and fire, the glory and disaster, of great love. She looked at her father, not conscious of his face.

She had forgotten him. Had forgotten Bob across the narrow table—Bob, who had betrayed her—had forgotten all things but that tragic face and form, the memory of his lips, his hands, his voice. Wearily, like an old woman, sighing faintly to herself, she rose and turned to go. But in the act something stopped her, held her beside her chair, one hand on its back, her lips apart.

As the boys pushed back their chairs to rise, she flung up a hand, stopping them where they were.

"Sh-h-h!" she said lowly. "Sh-h-h-h! There's a horse coming. A running horse! My heaven! Listen!"

And presently they heard it—that high and steady drumming which came singing up the valley from the south. Out of the silence it came, growing in volume, its note higher than that of any horse they knew, either Gray Hawk or Starwind or Smoky, and they were Sweet Waters' best. Beyond the distant flats, beyond the willows, beyond the long alfalfa field, it came steadily nearer, and all those horse lovers who made Sweet Waters breed held their breath to listen.

"That's no common horse," said John Gleason at last, rising as he spoke. "That's a racer."

He strode toward the door, picking up his gun belt as he went, buckling it about his waist.

One by one his sons and his riders followed him, sweeping up their guns from the shelf beside the door where they always lay. Jane was the last to come, reaching for the old armpit holster which carried her special weapon.

THE glorious twilight was deepening as they went swiftly down the path toward the stable, ready for battle on the instant, every one of them, if circumstances demanded.

Beyond the corral fence they waited, where the open roads from the Wall and the valley converged in a wide clear space. They did not speak.

And then around the bend where the stream curved the maker of that martial music shot into view—a long roan horse whose great body lay level from nose to tail along the land, whose monstrous tail stood out behind him on the wind of his going, whose cloud of mane smoked on his outstretched neck. And clinging to his saddle horn, swaying in wide, erratic arcs, a figure rode. A strange figure, gaunt as a scarecrow, as unlovely, clad in old garments that fluttered at its knees, its gray head, uncovered at last, gleaming like dark silver in the rosy light.

*Black Mac's woman was coming up the valley!*

*Black Mac's woman on the Squealer!* As she neared the waiting group the great beast under her strove to stop, slid spectacularly, wheeled in his still sliding tracks, rose high in the air, and was gone back down the way he had come, his wild head up this time, looking back across his shoulder, the hoarse sound of his neighing resounding in the stillness. But he was riderless. The grotesque figure, flung wide in his whirling turn, lay sprawled where it had struck.

The men of Sweet Waters rushed forward. But somehow it was Boss John who reached her first, who knelt and looked into the upturned face whose mouth was open; whose eyes looked tragically up to his. Dark eyes they were, set in deep hollows, but they had once been lovely.

And the gaunt face, too, bore signs of once great beauty in its contours, in its width of forehead, in its mouth, so drooped now with long sorrow.

John Gleason, who had stooped to lift her, stopped in the act, his gaze set upon her as if he had been stricken immovable. For a terrible second he did not breathe, and the wide-eyed watchers saw him sway. They saw, too, blood upon the woman's lips—that her old dress was drenched with it.

"She's hurt!" cried Jane in a high, sobbing cry. "She's shot!"

"Yes," the woman said in that throaty voice which Jane had heard in the Maulin store that day. "Shot. In th' back. He got me—as I was leavin'—on his horse. Black Mac. He—killed Jed Barstow—an' that—rider—

of yours. You-all—witness—I—come—come to—"

The gasping voice failed, the eyes closed gently. Then by an effort she roused herself.

"Come to—warn—you-all. Black Mac—comin'—to raid—right now. Comin'—fast as—can—but I had—his horse. Best horse—in world. Get—ready."

She sank in against John Gleason's breast with a long, deep sigh.

At the words John Gleason looked up, and his face was white as death, his eyes like living coals of fire.

"Go! Quick! All of you!" he rasped thinly. "Jane—a bed! Boys—the horses! Bob, call Stead—the Maulin men! *Get!*"

Without a word among them, his young ones jumped to do his bidding, running back to the stables, the house. And the patriarch of Sweet Waters was left on his knees in the twilight beside a dying woman. A tragic dying woman, who had come riding back into his life across twenty years—from the Texas border—to save him and his—*and hers*—from the man who had despoiled them all!

Black Mac's woman! And he had not known! He had never known the finish of that ancient loss of his life's happiness in that little Texas town—never known the man who took it, nor where he went with his stolen prize.

The lines in Boss John's rugged face drew in until they seemed to hug the very bones. His eyes were deep pools of awful light. His gray head bowed lower and lower over his burden and slow tears dripped upon the still face.

"Althy May," he whispered. "Althy May! Oh, my God! Althy May!"

BLACK MAC'S woman opened her eyes once more. A smile crinkled up the corners of her eyes. "John," she whispered back, "for three years I be'n a-knowin' who you were—be'n agonizin' an' fearin' for you—an' them. Be'n watchin' always fer my chance to warn you. I be'n punished fer my sins, John. Long—back—I was punished!"

"I know," said John Gleason. "I know. Don't think of that now. It's all over and past. Think that I've never stopped loving you, my girl, all the years through."

Gently he wiped the blood from the ashen lips and, bending his face to hers, kissed her as he had kissed her in the springtime of their lives.

"John," she said, faintly now, "you're th'—best man—ever lived—an' I—be'n knowin' it—fer eighteen—years. Always you—were my—my own—man. Only I—found it out—too—late."

She smiled at him again and, raising her arm with a great effort, put it around his neck. At that moment he heard, far down the distant valley, the rolling thunder of running horses—many of them this time.

He rose and, lifting his burden, went swiftly to the house.

It was a dead arm which slipped from his neck, a dead woman whom he laid tenderly on Jane's own bed.

"Stay by her, girl," he told Jane sternly. "Our enemies are coming, and this is a man's war."

JANE looked at him steadily.

"I love you, John," she said simply. "Remember that."

"I know," he said, "and you've been my heart's core. You're a good daughter. It may be good-by now, and whatever happens remember you're a Gleason. You'll carry on."

He leaned and kissed her on the cheek and was gone, his booted feet swift as a youth's on the bare boards of the floor.

Gently Jane drew a sheet across the still figure, and followed. In the dusky living room she met Belle.

"There's a dead woman on my bed, Belle," she said. "See that she gets a decent burial—with us—if we're not here to see to it. She died to save us. And, Belle, you've been my friend above all others."

Then she, too, was gone down the path to the stable where her men were waiting beside the saddled horses. She counted them mechanically: Boss John on Starwind, the great barren mare who looked like a war horse of the gods in her ramping wildness, her monstrous size; Barb on Smoky; Bob on Sparkle; Steve and Sammy on Blanco and Silver Moon.

It was a natural thing that none had taken Gray Hawk, the king, because he was so wholly hers.

To the sound of nearing thunder she went calmly into the stable and threw her saddle on the Hawk, flung on his bridle, and came out, mounting on the run.

*Thrill follows thrill in next week's concluding installment, as the Gleasons, in a tremendous climax, come to grips with their enemies.*

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### *Altogether Different*

Robert, aged five, came in one day and asked his mother for the saw.

His mother told him that he would cut himself, to which the youngster replied:

"No, I won't, mummy. Sis is going to hold the board."—Gerald Henrickson,

### *I Give Up*

Betty, two, disliked hominy.

One morning in Lent, finding a huge helping of hominy on her plate, Betty said, "Mother, I give up."

Mother was puzzled. "Give up what?"

Betty answered, "Mother, I give up hominy for Lent!"—Mrs. G. V. Joubert,

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# Another Chance to Win!

## *LIBERTY OFFERS* $500 *IN CASH AWARDS*

## *Solve the "Easy Money" Cross-Word Puzzle*

AGAIN this week Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes for winning entries in the Cross-Word-Puzzle Contest. The contest puzzle appears on the adjoining page. The list of cash prizes and the simple rules are printed below.

Solve the puzzle, send it in accompanied by the brief letter mentioned in Rule 3, and you will be well on the way toward one of the sixty-eight cash prizes. Your chance to win the $100 cash First Prize is excellent. Why not make the most of it?

Below is the list of Liberty readers who have been awarded the prizes for Contest No. 2 which appeared in the April 30 issue. If you entered you may find your name among them. By all means try for one of this week's awards.

Space on this page does not permit printing the letters which accompanied the winning entries. These letters, however, may be inspected at Liberty's editorial offices or, upon request, we will mail you a multigraphed copy of the letters involved in the major awards.

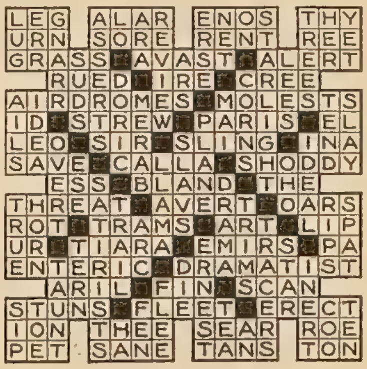
### THESE ARE THE PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $100 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 50 |
| THIRD PRIZE | 25 |
| 65 PRIZES, each $5 | 325 |
| TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES | $500 |

### *The* RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, June 20, 1932.

## *Here Are the April 30 Awards*



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THE SOLUTION

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### $25 THIRD PRIZE

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Scranton, Pa.

### SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Ella C. Taylor, North Henderson, Ill.; Roman E. Richmond, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alfred Perna, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Amelia E. Reese, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. E. Kaplan, Newark, N. J.; Adelene Pryce-Jones, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edna A. Headley, Worthington, Minn.; Anna Florence Campbell, Baltimore, Md.; Robert Harlan, Washington, D. C.; Stewart Cuthbert, Detroit, Mich.; Elizabeth V. Holden, Bronx, N. Y.

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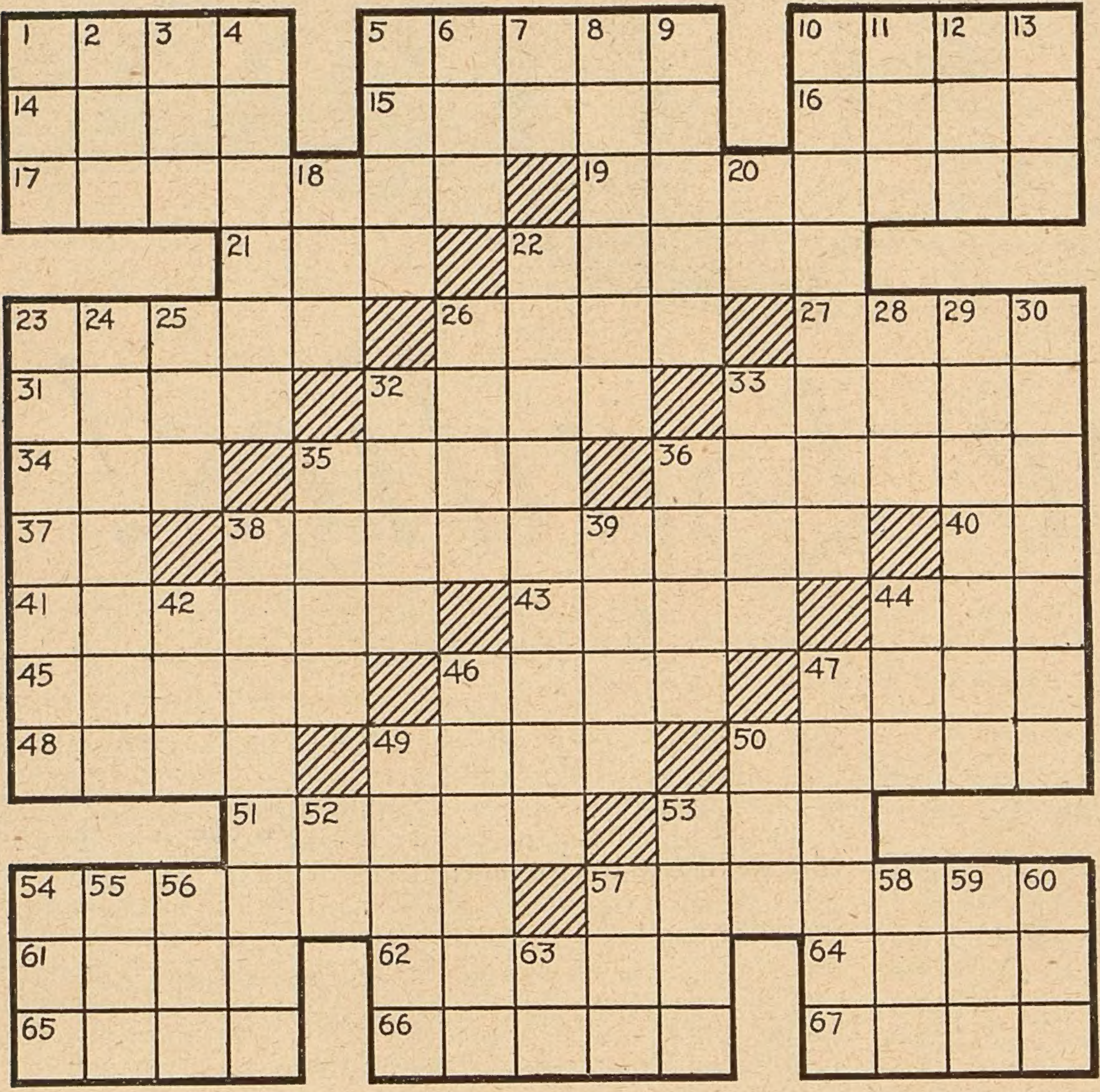
NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

# *Here Is Contest Puzzle*

## No. 9



### HORIZONTAL

1 The handle of a pick (mining)
5 An advice boat, or dispatch boat
10 To flatter; to wheedle (slang)
14 Afresh
15 Ropes used for raising yards (nautical)
16 Feel solicitude
17 Coin of early Anglo-Saxon coinage
19 Liqueur flavored with fruit kernels
21 Prefix meaning new
22 Wiser
23 A vessel or boat of state
26 To muffle or deaden the sound of
27 Representation of a deity
31 Series of events of epical dignity
32 Character in David Copperfield
33 Worship
34 Primate
35 One clownish in manners
36 The stirrup bone of the ear
37 Not
38 Compound of nitrogen peroxide and hydrocarbons
40 Form of to be
41 Salt of ether (plural)
43 Gay and lively celebration
44 Poem
45 Exercise sovereign power
46 Part of a moose's antler
47 Narrow valley
48 River in Belgium
49 Officer of a merchant vessel
50 Lock of hair
51 Elliptical
53 Combining form signifying earth
54 Alleviate
57 Of the nature of an apparition
61 Roman poet
62 Encircle
64 Feminine personal name
65 Interdicts
66 Hard endocarp of a fruit
67 Look to be

### VERTICAL

1 Possesses
2 Black secretion of a cuttlefish
3 American general
4 Sounds with a quick ringing noise
5 Tenor violin or viola
6 By way of
7 Islet off the south coast of France
8 Layers
9 County in Kansas
10 A family of marine fishes
11 Deformed or foolish child
12 Measure of area
13 A part of a turtle which is attached to the shell
18 Mound
20 The symbol for an element
22 Officer who has charge of the probate of wills
23 Restaurant of the cheaper class (slang)
24 Places opposite or before
25 Deer
26 Native of a North African country
28 Cup in which a diamond is held while being cut
29 Alloy resembling gold (plural)
30 Abates
32 Specks
33 Unsorted flour (India)
35 Socket for the mouthpiece in a clarinet
36 A fixed star
38 Ethiopians
39 Auction
42 A bond
44 Palm leaf (variant)
46 Evident; manifest
47 Makes neat or tidy
49 European thrush
50 Spread for drying
52 One of the brothers of Odin (Norse myth.)
53 Scoff
54 Plunder
55 Woman's name
56 The linden
57 Bird of prey
58 A lixivium
59 Wrath
60 Rotating piece in machinery
63 Bird of the Hawaiian Islands

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# To the Ladies!

### By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion*

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)*

**THIS is about Ned Wayburn, who has devoted his life to other people's legs, and can still get a kick out of them.**

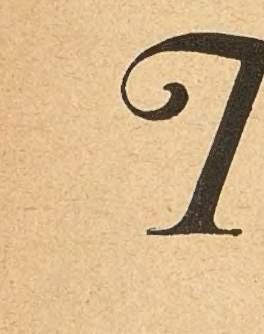
Into Ned Wayburn's Broadway dancing school there marched, some years ago, a Mrs. Austerlitz from Omaha. With her she brought her little boy, age seven, and her little girl, age eleven. Seven and eleven. Don't forget the numbers.

" My kids can dance," declared Mrs. Austerlitz. " Let them show you their stuff."

" I wasn't enthusiastic," says Teacher Wayburn, " but I told them to go ahead."

In a tiny red-and-black swallowtail coat, the boy danced up and down a tiny stepladder. The girl was decidedly good. Mr. Wayburn agreed to train them for the professional stage, to write their first vaudeville act. Whereupon Mrs. Austerlitz from Omaha amazed Mr. Wayburn of Broadway by planking down one thousand voluntary dollars.

" Lucky money," says he. " Seven and eleven. I paid my rent with her check, and did my best for her kids. That was back in 1910. You know those kids today. They are Fred and Adele Astaire."



Ned Wayburn.

Ned Wayburn's dancing school is a Broadway institution. The bright lights couldn't get along without him. He has educated the feet of very vivid stars—Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, the Dolly sisters, Marilyn Miller, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson.

But Ned Wayburn's own son is in the five-and-ten-cent-store business. Wouldn't go on the stage. Reversion to type; for the ancestral Wayburns were all business people.

Ned ran away from home to go on the stage, and it took his family forty years to forgive him.

Now weighs 220 pounds, which he considers just right for a dancing teacher.

**TRAVEL light when you go traveling this summer.** Too much baggage can spoil any trip. I have learned this lesson by bitter experience. Excess baggage is usually the result of mental laziness. By careful planning, any woman can pack an adequate travel wardrobe into two suitcases and a hatbox.

I have just seen the clothes a friend of mine is taking with her for a two months' trip to Europe. She has based her wardrobe on a warm topcoat and a woolen suit of harmonious colors. Two washable blouses go with the suit, also a polka-dot waist with a short silk coat to match. A flowered chiffon dress; a smart sheer frock and matching coat which also does duty with the chiffon. Two tub dresses, a check sports skirt, and a little red bolero take care of morning wear. She has an unlined woolen coat that can be worn with all her dresses. Finally, she has two formal evening dresses and a short satin coat that crushes less than velvet. The colors she has picked are beige, blue, red, and white. She is taking four hats, scarfs, and pocketbooks, a bathing suit, two negligees, five pairs of shoes, six changes of underwear. And she's getting it all into one large suitcase, one medium-sized suitcase, and one small hatbox.

**YOU may not know it, but we girls have more** " pleasant emotions " per day than the boys do. This has been proved at Columbia University. They had charts and things fixed up to keep track of each daily smile, each yawn, each cuss word.

The varying moods and emotions of the girls and boys were segregated, and it was found that the girls registered sixty-eight pleasurable sensations daily to the boys' sixty-four.

**GRADUALLY we are coming to realize the fallacy** of cramming our children's heads full of nothing but " facts." Dr. Charles Tonseer, principal of Grover Cleveland High School in New York, stressed recently, in a public speech, the importance of developing " cultural thought." I know that my parents helped me wonderfully by arousing my curiosity in all directions. Any child who has been taught to speculate always about the reason why the " wheels go round " will never be at loose ends mentally in later life.

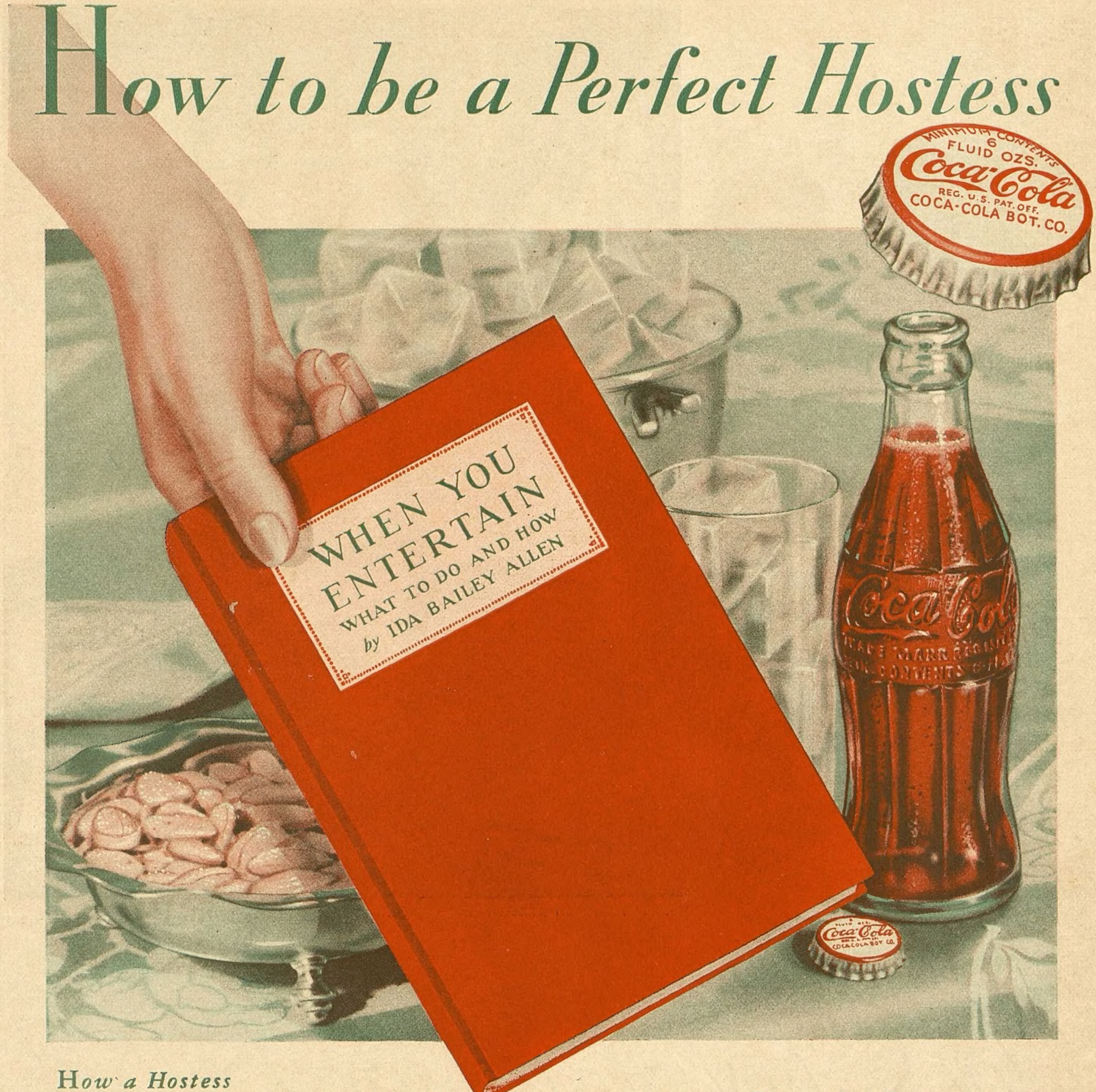
**I WAS having tea with a friend the other day when** an unexpected guest blew in—a girl who lives in the same house. Russians say an uninvited guest is worse than a Tatar. This girl proved the truth of the saying.

" I only ran in for a minute," she chirped. " Be an angel and lend me your brocade coat. I'm giving a cocktail party. It's *just* the thing I need. And do you mind if I borrow some of your cocktail glasses? And some napkins? And an extra tray? And, oh—I nearly forgot. Won't you come to the party? "

Off she went with her loot.

My friend said to me: " I'm going to move. I've got to get out of this house. That girl borrows half my belongings every other day, and I'm too weak-minded to put up a fight."

# How to be a Perfect Hostess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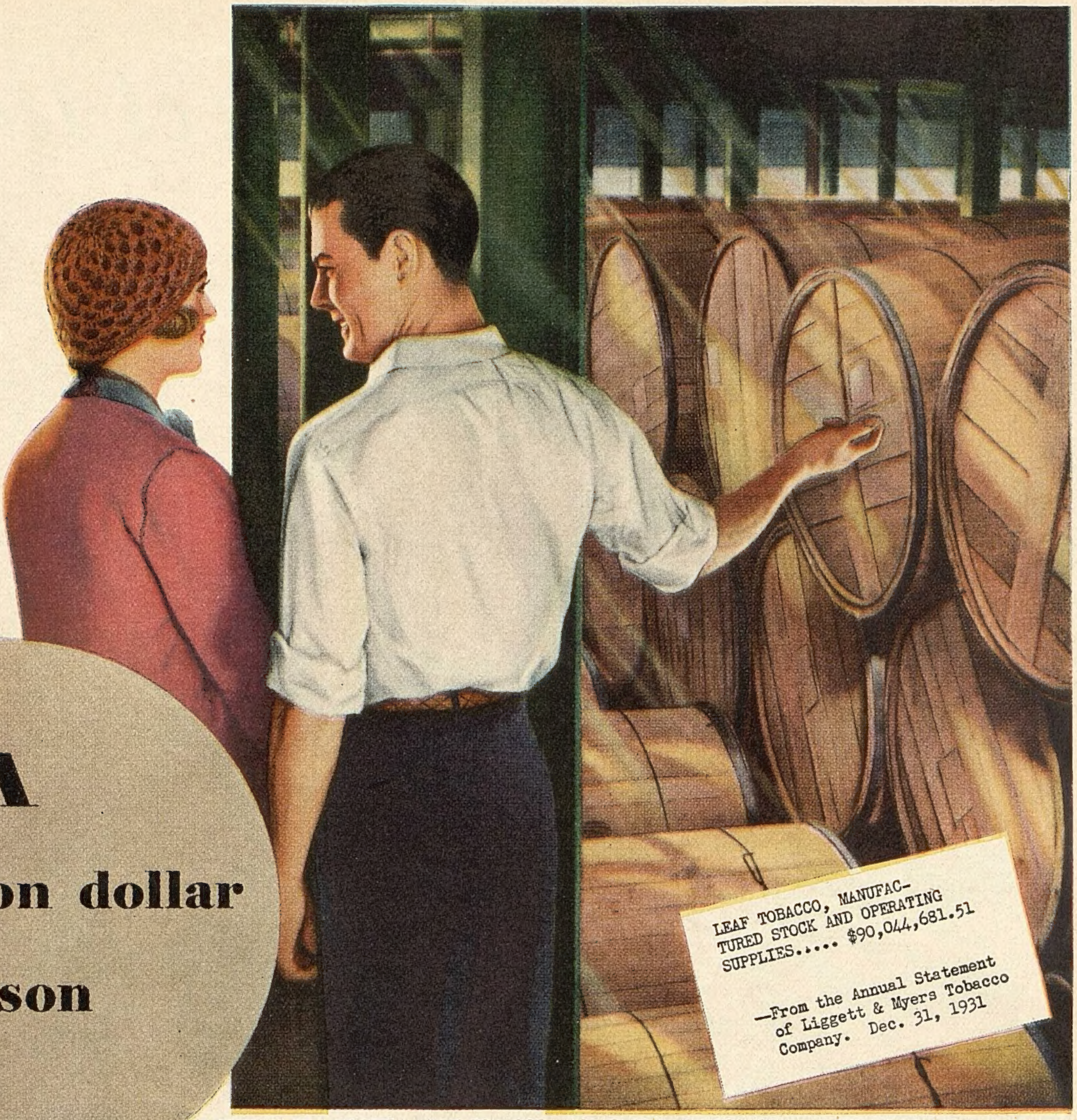

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